

Américas

EXPERIMENT IN NEW MEXICO

by Oliver La Farge

The Isle of Pines, Cuba's TREASURE ISLAND

It's many things to
many people but
THEY CALL IT JAZZ

WHODUNITS IN SPANISH

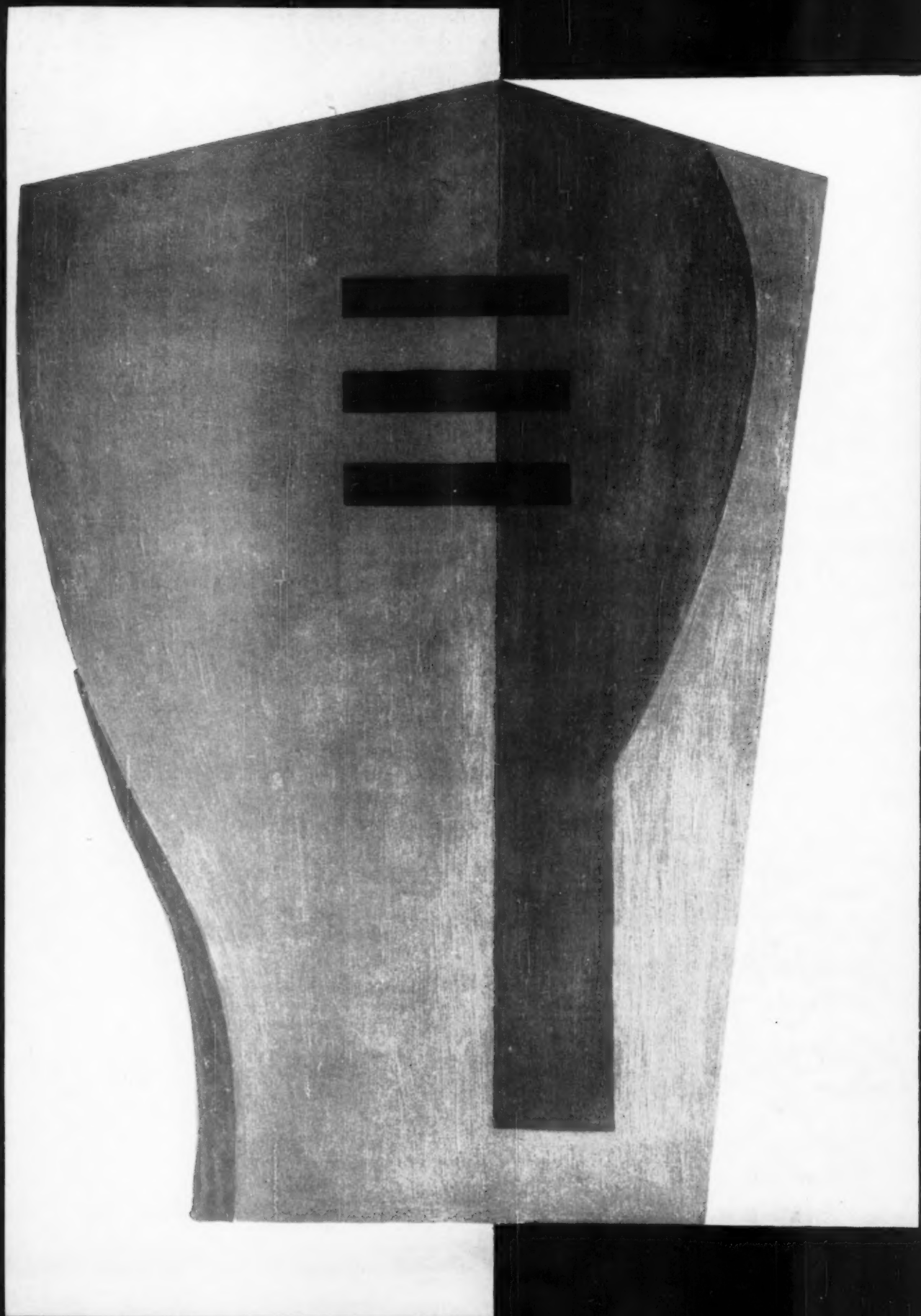
BREEDING THE BULLS

for the ring

25
cents

*Argentine actress Delia Garcés
launched her film career at
sixteen, is now one of top
movie stars in South America
(see page 20)*





Américas

Volume 6, Number 8

August 1954

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

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Published by

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Subscription rate of AMÉRICAS: \$3.00 a year, \$5.00 for two years, \$7.00 for three years, for the English, Spanish, or Portuguese edition in the United States and Canada. Add \$1.00 extra for postage to countries outside the Postal Union of the Americas and Spain. Single copies 25¢. Address orders to Publications and Distribution Division, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C. For information on microfilms of AMÉRICAS, address University Microfilms, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Dear Reader

In response to requests from many readers, the Pan American Union visual arts section is now preparing a beautiful portfolio of art reproductions, suitable for framing, which were originally published on the inside front cover of AMÉRICAS. Entitled *Highlights of Latin American Art*, the portfolio includes explanatory text and captions in Spanish and English, and will be off the press in a couple of months. This is only one item in the wide-ranging OAS publications program. The Organization of American States publishes many booklets, pamphlets, and reports on such varied topics as education, international law, agriculture, economics, housing, philately, music, and travel.

Some of these publications are issued as a service to governments and to special groups in the American States, and are therefore distributed free to qualified persons. Others are sold at a nominal cost, which barely covers the expense of reproduction. Although many are of a specialized nature, such as the "Statements of the Laws of Latin America in Matters Affecting Business," others have more popular appeal. The grade-school student is referred to the "Young Readers" series, which contains accounts of national heroes, voyages of discovery, ancient civilizations, and transportation in the Americas. The "American Nations" and the "Commodity" series are prepared especially for advanced students and adults who wish to know more about the government, history, geography, and products and industries of the nations of Latin America.

For prospective travelers, there is the "Travel in the Americas" series. These well-illustrated tourist booklets explain how to get there and what to see, suggest inland trips, and provide such practical information as entry requirements, U. S. customs exemptions, tips on shopping, and similar suggestions necessary for a carefully planned trip. Two additional publications, *Motoring to Mexico* and *A Tourist's Guide to Holidays and Festivals in Mexico*, are also available to the traveler.

To give balance and continuity to its information program, the Pan American Union publishes four other periodicals besides AMÉRICAS. The *Annals of the Organization of American States*, published quarterly in the four official languages—English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French—contains the official texts of treaties, conventions, and other documents of the OAS and its organs. *The Inter-American Review of Bibliography*, which publishes articles, book reviews, notes, and a bibliography of current books and articles in one of the four official languages, appears three times a year. *Panorama*, a quarterly, contains reprints of articles of general cultural interest from authoritative journals by writers of the Americas, presented in the language in which they were originally published. *Estadística*, a quarterly journal of the Inter-American Statistical Institute, contains articles on specialized matters pertaining to this subject. The text appears in the original language of the author, with an English summary when necessary.

As we have promised in the past, our subscribers will receive advance information concerning forthcoming books, pamphlets, and reports. Meanwhile, those interested can write for the latest copy of the Catalog of Pan American Union Publications, 1954, which will be sent by return mail.

JOHN McADAMS
Chief, PAU Publications and
Distribution Division

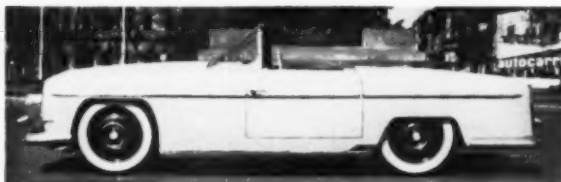
ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

Automobiles for Latin America

Today about 2,450,000 motorized vehicles of all types are rolling along the myriad picturesque roads of Latin America. There is an enormous potential market for automobiles and trucks in this region of great distances, which are being spanned at a growing rate by highway networks, generally less costly to build and operate than railroads. In 1953-54 alone, more than 100,000 motorized units (automobiles, trucks, buses, motorcycles, and tractors) were imported. Large U.S. and European manufacturers are increasingly interested in supplying this promising market, which, if free of restrictions, could boost its automobile purchases tremendously.

Latin America produces almost all the raw materials needed for making motor vehicles, and the manufacture or assembly of automobiles and light trucks has already been undertaken in some countries. Argentina, Brazil, Venezuela, and Mexico are the pioneers in this field.

In 1949 the Argentine Ministry of Industry and Commerce sent a group of technicians abroad to study several phases of automotive production. Shortly thereafter, Argentina began to manufacture automobiles and light trucks, which are now seen in growing numbers along the highways.



Snappy new four-cylinder Argentine-made sports car, the 1488 c.c. IAME, with all plastic body

Though the joint production of the two national Argentine automobile manufacturers—Autocar Automotores Argentinos and Industrias Aeronáuticas y Mecánicas del Estado (IAME)—is still relatively modest, the rate of progress is noteworthy. Not long ago IAME exhibited a straight-eight one-hundred-horsepower engine of its own design and manufacture. The motor is air cooled and adaptable to any type of automobile. Moreover, the Air Ministry recently announced that IAME now has ready for the market a new sports model with a four-cylinder engine and a body made entirely of plastic.

Before the end of 1955, the German Daimler-Benz A.G. Factory hopes to put on the market Diesel cars and trucks of wholly Argentine manufacture. This outfit will also begin producing five-ton trucks with ninety-horsepower engines, at the rate of about six hundred per month. An assembly plant of the German firm "Borgward," with a capital of several million marks supplied by citizens of both nations, will soon join the U.S. and European plants there. The

"Borgward" company will also manufacture automobile engines, in conjunction with the Argentine IAME plant.

On the other hand, no matter how encouraging the potentialities of the automotive industry in Argentina may be, it will apparently be some time before the middle-class citizen will be able to own a car. In view of this, the announcement of the Italian company S.I.A.M. di TELLA of the imminent production of "Lambretta" motorscooters in Argentina assumes greater significance. In the early stages, these machines will be merely assembled in Argentina, but it is hoped that complete production will come within a short time.

Brazil and Mexico, the only countries in Latin America that surpass Argentina in number of motor vehicles (Brazil, 650,000; Mexico, 438,000; Argentina, 416,000)*, rank high in assembly work and spare-parts production, although they do not yet manufacture automobiles from scratch.

In Mexico there are important General Motors, Chrysler, Studebaker, and Fiat assembly plants. Ford, General Motors, and other firms operate extensively in Brazil and Venezuela, and Brazil will be the first country outside of Germany to manufacture the world-renowned Volkswagen cars. According to a statement by a company director, the output of this factory will be a thousand units per month. The new corporation, with a capital of more than fourteen million dollars—75 per cent put up by Volkswagen and the rest by Brazilian enterprises—will build a plant near São Paulo and hopes to go into production by the end of 1955. Three French firms—Berliet, Peugeot, and Simca—have already started construction of automobile and truck assembly plants, and plan to manufacture engines for export, as well as for the Brazilian market.

Chile Produces Sugar

Chile, until recently the only Latin American nation not producing sugar, has opened a processing plant for beet sugar. Annual production will total about eight thousand tons, which covers the increase in consumption and leaves a margin for reduction of the current import volume—about 150,000 tons annually. During the past few years sugar has constituted about 10 per cent of the total imports and is one of the most important items of dollar expenditure in Chile. Because of the phenomenal success of its initial activities, the new plant's operations will be extended, and two more will be set up in other regions. This is only one of the numerous projects of the Chilean Corporación de Fomento de la Producción, a semi-official organization in charge of planning the country's industrial and agricultural development.

* The American Automobile (McGraw-Hill International Corporation), May 1954.

experiment in **NEW MEXICO**

***How races and cultures are blended
in one state of the Union***

Oliver La Farge

AT TIMES in the far past, New Mexico has been the scene of volcanic activity. In many places where the earth has been thrust upward and folded, one may see the various ancient strata lying, not one above another, but side by side. So, too, the evidences of its human history, the several races and cultures that have populated the state, exist today side by side, unified, yet each retaining its individuality.

The earth of New Mexico was formed by the violence of eruption and the slow, quiet process of sedimentation; its population by the violence of war and by peaceful infiltration. There is in the state, unexpressed but implicit, a strong tradition of mutual tolerance, of unlikes living easily as neighbors.

To the casual observer, the people of New Mexico fall into three groups—the Anglo-Americans, as all English-speaking citizens are called here; the Spanish Americans; and the American Indians. In reality there are five strata of occupancy, of which only one, the oldest, is no longer readily apparent. That first stratum, probably composite in itself, is made up of the first people who tilled the soil, wove cotton, and made pottery in New Mexico. About two thousand years ago they were absorbed by a more nu-

merous, round-headed people, and the process was so gentle as to have caused no break between the earlier and later cultures, but rather a single, continuous evolution. (The newcomers did bring new traits with them, such as the bow and arrow to replace the ancient throwing stick called the *atlatl*.) From this blending have come the Indians who were named "Pueblo" by the Spanish, because they lived in settled villages having marked resemblances to certain villages of Spain.

For a thousand years or so the Pueblos had the land to themselves. Then there filtered in among them a primitive, nomadic, hunting people from the North, speaking dialects of the Athapaskan family. Some of them learned farming and weaving from the Pueblos, others did not. Eventually they became the famous (or infamous) Apache tribes, but for centuries the two groups, quite as different from each other as are the Spanish from the English, occupied the country without real conflict.

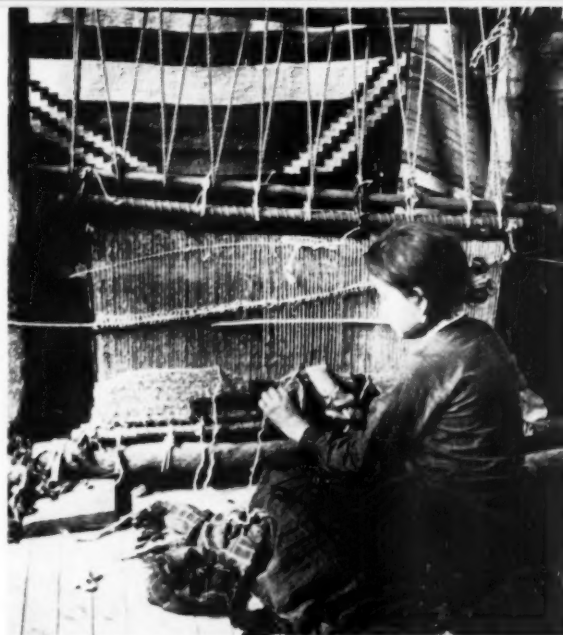
In the sixteenth century the Spanish came, withdrew, came back, and settled. Beginning with Coronado's *entrada* in 1540, the demands of the Spaniards roused the Pueblo Indians to armed resistance. Indians were hanged and burned alive as examples, and a number of Pueblos

Heterogeneous New Mexicans—"Hispanos," "Anglos," and Indians—enjoy a Fiesta of Santa Fe parade, an old Spanish custom



had to be reduced by force, in hand-to-hand and house-to-house fighting. For their resistance after the Spanish considered the country secure, all men of fighting age in the Pueblo of Acoma had their right hands cut off. No other settlement of the country resulted in so much bloodshed. After a number of minor uprisings, in 1680 the Pueblo Indians, supported by the Apaches, drove the conquerors out of the territory. Then thirteen years later the Spanish returned with adequate force, and the Indians, who had set up the headquarters of a loose confederacy in the capital town of Santa Fe, submitted without serious resistance. The Apaches simply drew back further into the uncharted deserts and mountains that were their homes.

The Pueblo Indians and the Spanish exchanged techniques, crafts, foods, cookery, and architectural styles. The greater part of the Spaniards who settled in New Mexico came without wives; they took mates from among the Indians. Most of the modern Spanish American population is *mestizo*, and many supposedly "pureblood" In-



Indians weave stories of their tribes into exquisite designs, an art copied by their Spanish neighbors

dian tribes have an element of Spanish ancestry. Today the Spanish-speaking people plant maize, beans, and chile, and the Indians plant wheat (from which they make excellent bread), onions, and peaches, and herd sheep. The Pueblos became Catholics while retaining their older rituals, and held the practices of the two religions separate although they regarded them as essentially one. The Apaches remained pagan.

Although the Spaniards tried to keep the Indians from obtaining horses, shortly they all had them. The wild tribes, once mounted, took to raiding, as did the equally wild Comanches and Kiowas living east of New Mexico. Among the wild tribes the most troublesome was that branch of the Apaches known as "Navajos." Numerous even in the eighteenth century, they are today, with a population of seventy-five thousand, the largest tribe in the United States. They raided; they also traded and learned. Having stolen sheep and cattle, they herded them. From the Pueblos they had learned cotton-weaving; now they wove in wool, but on the Indian loom. From the Spanish they received cochineal and indigo, to brighten their blankets, while the blankets woven by the Spanish became more and more similar to the Navajos' in design.

From the Spanish, the Navajos learned to work metal, and became so adept at silver-working that eventually the craft was abandoned to them. Thus today one finds "authentic" Indian jewelry—worn as much by non-Indians as by Indians—with such constantly recurring designs as the pomegranate, which originated with the Moors and may still be seen in Africa.

The Apaches and the eastern tribes warred on the Christians, and the Christians raided back, taking slaves. United in defense and counterattack, the Pueblos and the Spaniards' descendants drew closer, living as neighbors who maintained a peaceful, friendly interchange. The modern Pueblos and Spanish Americans visit each other, are often *compadres*, attend each other's fiestas, pray in each other's churches, sing the same *alabados*, and hunt



New Mexico's human history has been as stormy as its geological past, which gave it geography like this near Cowles

and work together. Among the Hispanos, a special form of the Third Order of Saint Francis flourishes under the name of *Los Hermanos de la Luz*, or more vulgarly *Los Penitentes*. But the Indians do not take part in it. For their part, the Hispanos watch, but do not join in, the ancient rituals of the Indians. Both dance the *Matachina*, but use, respectively, a European and an Indian drum with the music, while the *Baile de los Moros* and the miracle play of *Los Pastores* are exclusive to the Spanish Americans.

The people who are known in New Mexico as "Anglo-Americans" or "Anglos" first came in peace, drifting in one by one in the early nineteenth century to trade or trap for furs. Many married in New Mexico and adopted the native manner of life. When the Republic of Texas burst into existence in 1836, they were as hostile to it as the native New Mexicans—a feeling that continues as a sense of dislike in New Mexico to this day.

The Texas question precipitated the Mexican War.



Indian life in historic Taos Pueblo; note sleeping dogs, wood for cooking stacked on back porch, and neighbors' friendly chit-chat

The annexation of New Mexico, a by-product of that conflict, took place almost without the firing of a shot. When the U. S. army of General Kearney arrived in the vicinity of Santa Fe, the corrupt, despotic Governor, Manuel Armijo, who was universally hated, fled to Mexico. The New Mexicans felt an ancient loyalty to the King of Spain, but very little for Mexico. The young republic had been able to give them no help in their struggle against the wild tribes, nor any equipment or reinforcements when they prepared to resist the North Americans.

Kearney's army found Santa Fe a friendly city. There was a ceremony in front of the Palace of the Governors in the plaza. The general spoke, the mayor responded. The band played. The tricolor of Mexico was lowered, the stars and stripes of the United States were raised. With but little more trouble than that, New Mexico changed allegiance, and its inhabitants, other than the enemy Apaches and the few people of Spanish descent who chose to withdraw to Mexico, forthwith became citizens of the northern republic.

A few years later there was a brief uprising of Indians

and Spanish Americans at Taos. Since no one else joined it, it came to nothing. Almost at the same time, Spanish Americans were entering the National Guard to join in fighting Apaches, and hardly fifteen years after the annexation, whole regiments of Spanish Americans fought bravely for the Union in the Civil War. For a time the troops engaged in holding back the Navajos were commanded by Colonel José Francisco Chaves, of one of New Mexico's finest families.

Until they were subdued by force, there was open war between the Apache tribes and all the Christians. There was friction between Spaniards and Pueblos in the early period of the Spanish occupation. Later, there was friction between the Hispanos and the Anglos. Such difficulties are inevitable when people who think and behave differently, who hold varying ideas of right and wrong, are learning to live together.

The Anglo-Americans brought with them financial capital, machinery, and commercial customs that even today the descendants of the earlier inhabitants find it somewhat difficult or distasteful to adopt entirely. They brought a more effortful way of life, which offered less grace. They had the mixture of civilization and crudeness, in proportions varying greatly from individual to individual, that has always characterized North Americans. Along with their tendency to let business dominate life, they imposed a legal system derived from British Common Law. They attempted to impose their political outlook and their concept of democracy, but in the past hundred years the Hispanos have been able to modify both into an Anglo-Hispanic blend not found elsewhere in the United States. This is characterized, on the one hand, by a mercenary attitude toward holding office, but, on the other, by a more intense interest in politics and a more widespread willingness to run for office than is found in most states; a greater sense of loyalty to a political leader and lesser loyalty to the party; and an attitude of mutual respect between rich and poor, employer and employee, resulting in greater loyalty and warmer relationships than in the rest of the country.

Inevitably, the Anglo-Americans gained an initial advantage in law, politics, mechanics, and in commerce. It was equally inevitable that the Spanish Americans should resent this development, which displaced them in part from the leadership they had so long exercised. Slowly, however, the balance is swinging to equality. This change has been most rapid in law and politics, for which the Spanish heritage seems to include natural gifts.

The even political balance, and its lack of separatism, can be illustrated by the six highest offices in the state, in relation to the two major parties. Traditionally, the Democratic Party is Anglo-dominated, while the Republican has the larger proportion of Hispanos. Yet the governor, Mechem, an Anglo, is Republican, and the lieutenant governor, Chavez, is a Democrat. One senator is an Anglo, one a Hispano; the two representatives are divided the same way—but all four are Democrats. In the last election, it was the Republicans who put up the Anglo, Patrick Hurley, to run unsuccessfully against the

(Continued on page 42)



View from bridge over Santa Fe River in Nueva Gerona, main port, shows typical Isle of Pines landscape—flat, with a few hills poking up

TREASURE ISLAND

On Cuba's Isle of Pines, where the pirate gold was found, another kind of wealth awaits modern treasure-seekers

Enrique Labrador Ruiz

A LITERARY AURA has settled over the Isle of Pines, all because of one widely circulated book: *Treasure Island*.

Who the first man was to relate the Isle of Pines with the ambiguous territory mentioned in the novel, no one knows. In some editions, I have seen a map and charts that attempt to confirm the assumption—a map with stormy seas and nonexistent coves and capricious nomenclature, but that somehow or other recalls the place the Indians, its first inhabitants, called "Camarco." Stevenson slyly began his brilliant story with: "Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted. . . ."

This idea makes definite the link between the two territories, the imaginary and the real, even though the treasure of the Cuban island is of a different kind from that dealt with in the book, and even though, unless some immediate remedy is applied, it is about to disappear because of the negligence of man rather than the hazards of adventure.

There is an interesting paragraph of Dr. Livesey's that ought to be taken into consideration. He supposed the land to be covered with marshes, and so: "'I don't know about treasure,' he said, 'but I'll stake my wig there's fever here.'" That was the age of great tropical

fevers, and a doctor is always on guard against the ills of the day. And in swamps—well! Besides, it is a dramatic element of the first order, a struggle looming on the horizon, danger and death pervading the atmosphere. But no; nothing like that happened, or happens now. The mildness of the climate was lavishly praised. Another knot that ties the two islands together.

And what is there about the real island that makes it so valuable?

Photographs by Gordon H. MacDougall



Banyan tree at entrance to Santa Fe, island's second town, renowned for its mineral baths

Marble, kaolin, tungsten, gold, and even, it is said, uranium. But above all land exceptionally well suited to the growing of citrus fruits, and a network of rivers and streams that could settle the irrigation problem once and for all. Melons and cucumbers have traditionally flowed to U. S. markets from the island, and at one time tomatoes, eggplant, and pimentos went the same way. Its eleven hundred or so square miles are of unique natural beauty, with mountains and splendid beaches—like black Bibijagua, less than four miles northwest of Nueva Gerona, the principal port—and first-class fishing. There are game fish and food fish, all eager to be caught: tarpon, barracuda, cabrilla, yellow-tailed snapper, and, at the mouth of the Júcaro River, shad. Lobsters and crabs abound in the surrounding mangrove swamps. And what waters for drinking and for medicinal baths! The springs of the Isle of Pines are famous around the world. Its ten thousand people are hard-working and honest; they farm or fish, they work in the quarries, they make things from the fine hardwoods of the island, they work tortoise shell with exquisite taste. Boats and

Columbus discovered the Isle of Pines in 1494 and called it "Evangelista," but for some reason Spain paid it little attention. Oh, it was used as a training center for Spanish troops, to accustom them to conditions in America before they went on to fight in Cuba or elsewhere. Then, about the middle of the nineteenth century, Spain became interested in ridding it of the pirates who had made it a favorite meeting place (and here we see that Stevenson did not rely on his imagination alone, that he was fairly well versed in the history of the island). But that was all.

Martí came there in the middle of October 1870, and remained until December 18, when he went off to exile in Spain. He was fresh from the hell of the prison quarries in Havana, and at "El Abra" he regained strength in body and spirit. He explored the byroads of the island in a buggy, watched the birds and his beloved blue sky, and wrote of what Cuba might become, given freedom. He realized that everything depended upon the economic situation. Who knows how often he and his hosts discussed the consequences of the haphazard waste of the



planes connect the island with Havana, Batabanó, Miami, and Tampa, and they are within reach of every purse.

You see what I mean about treasure? But Nueva Gerona is only some sixty miles from the port of Batabanó, in southern Cuba, and Cubans don't go there much.

So many legends everywhere! The undeciphered inscriptions in the Cave of the Indian bespeak a far distant past. The shadow of "Pepe el Mallorquín," who proclaimed himself lord of this territory in 1822 after raids all around the Caribbean, and who was put to the gallows by the English on the shores of the Júcaro, still lies across the land; no history of piracy so much as mentions him, but on the Isle of Pines they recount his exploits with undismayed persistence. And on the estate of José María Sardá, half an hour by horseback from Nueva Gerona, José Martí endured exile for the crime of harboring ideas of independence.

pine forests, or what he learned from inspecting the small slave-operated starch factory on the estate?

José María Sardá was a prosperous Spaniard with marble, brick, tile, and lime interests on the Isle of Pines. It was partly through his efforts that Martí had been released from prison, and he and his wife, Trinidad Valdés, did whatever they could to cheer up the exile. Martí was not treated as a common prisoner, but as a member of the family; he tutored the small daughters and sat at the family table. The descendants of the Sardás still have a Bible he used to scan thoughtfully, and they have been told that a piece of the shackle he wore in prison sometimes appeared in his nervous hands. Years later, in Spain, Martí always recalled the Sardás with gratitude.

In 1899 Spanish domination of Cuba came to an end, but the status of the Isle of Pines was not clearly defined



Cottage on estate where Martí lived in exile is shrine revered by Cubans. Hill behind it is solid pink marble



House contains several mementos of his stay there: religious book, silver spoon, crude table, wardrobe

in the treaties. People from the United States came in after that, and founded a few towns: Columbus, McKinley, Los Indios, San Pedro, San Francisco de las Piedras. Between 1902 and 1910 more than five thousand bought land on the island, and about two thousand moved there to live. They concentrated on growing citrus fruits—a hard job, but successful in the end. They brought in modern implements, chemical fertilizers, and the latest methods, and they triumphed. But in 1925 Cuban sovereignty over the island was recognized by the Hay-Quesada Treaty; it became part of Havana Province, with a mayor in Nueva Gerona and a few councilmen in the other towns. The exodus of the colonists began. By 1931 only about three hundred were left; by 1943, 180. They must all be gone by now.

The decline of the island is deplorable. What caused it? There are many opinions. The government has established a model penitentiary there—it could be that. The high cost of shipping agricultural and mineral products. Or simply the changed political status. The one sure thing is that it is vitally necessary to turn a hand in that direction, because the treasure is there waiting.

Marble is found in the hills surrounding Nueva Gerona, the Sierra de las Casas and the Sierra de Caballos; in the hills in the northern part, too. It is the only kind of stone on the island. All the buildings, roads, city streets, are built on marble foundations.

"And why," I asked a friend, "was the National Marble

Works moved to Pinar del Río in 1934?"

"Because of freight rates, they say. It costs a lot to take merchandise out."

"Is there still much marble in reserve?"

"It is intact. All the marble Cuba needs can be taken from here—red, yellow, variegated, white, light gray, black, pink. They used to have the bad habit of getting it out with dynamite, which wasted a lot."

"Damaged it, too, didn't it?"

"Of course. You'd see misshapen, cracked blocks, all caused by the explosions." Nowadays the marble is extracted with air compressors. There is another quarry, on a hillside in the model penitentiary grounds, where there used to be palm trees. It's a good prison; the inmates farm, they have small industries and a few workshops, and in general lead an active life.

I said to my friend: "And what about the La Delita mine? Is there really gold there?"

"Good heavens, it wouldn't be exhausted for another fifteen years. The Isle of Pines could have a mine to be proud of. Oh, if only we had enough electric power! That's why we can't develop more efficient methods than those now in use. To run the compressors we would need—There are gold, silver, lead, antimony, and zinc in La Delita and in other mines near by."

"But don't they say that soon . . .?"

"Yes, so they say, and we're all waiting with bated breath. Think of this: The firm plans to start operations again at about 350 feet. Everyone knows that the deeper the mine, the better the ore. Lately there have been .42 ounces of gold per ton of ore, and it has been refined to 10.5 ounces per ton exported."

"From that we can assume—"

"That this is the richest active gold mine in the nation. Two hundred miners or so, on a round-the-clock schedule, could produce enormous wealth for the island. And there are many other minerals here. All you could want."

"For example—"

"Tungsten in Siguanea—Mina Dela, Genaro, Aguedita, that I recall at the moment. You know, tungsten has the highest melting point of any metal, and so is used for light-bulb filaments, electrical contacts, and wires exposed to tremendous heats. In the form of tungsten carbide, it's as hard as diamond. It is also very valuable in making alloys."

"And so?"

"Because there's not enough electric power. Siguanea is not producing. And the price tungsten fetches is not to be sneered at: six hundred dollars a ton. Not to mention the fact that technical shortcomings and defective methods keep La Mercedes, another tungsten mine, from producing."

"And what can you tell me about the iron mines?"

"Iron taken from natural beds on the surface near the road to McKinley has been exported for a quarter of a million dollars. That's encouraging. Only these 'gentlemen of fortune'—"

I waited for further explanation, and he continued: "It must all be told, my friend. Just as it really is, so

(Continued on page 41)



they call it jazz

Rufus Terrell

WHAT IS JAZZ? It is often confused with blues and ragtime, since it takes both for its material, but blues and rags are forms of music, whereas jazz is a way of playing music. Music of the most improbable assortment came together in one synthesis and then exploded—into jazz.

Into the melting pot of jazz went melodies of French quadrilles, polkas, and waltzes; the music and instrumentation of the marching brass band; Spanish tangos; rhythms and tunes of Spanish America and the Caribbean and Africa; memories of the French Opera House; and U.S. Negro spirituals, chants, hollers, and shouts.

Jazz came into existence three quarters of a century ago, but so gradually and so anonymously that its origins are as full of mystery as its music. Its birthplace was New Orleans, the most French and the most cultivated of U.S.

cities of that day, and at the same time the one spot on the North American continent most strongly permeated with the primitive culture of the West African Gold Coast.

In that last quarter of the last century, New Orleans was ripe for jazz. Both Spain and France had occupied it with their armies and their music. Grand opera was being performed at the French Opera House. Mere blocks away, in Congo Square, jungle drums beat out the rhythms and Negro voices sang out the answers in songs and dances brought over from Africa in the slave ships. They danced the Calinda, one variation of which was used in voodoo ceremonies while in another variation it became a composition of the serious composer Frederick Delius. They danced the Bélé, accompanied by a chanted improvisation.

Along Canal Street and Rampart, on the Mississippi river front, and in the palm-shaded patios of the Vieux Carré, New Orleanians sang and whistled operatic arias as popular songs are whistled and sung everywhere today—and an echo of it could come back fifty years later in a jazz trumpet phrase of Louis Armstrong built on an air from *Rigoletto*.

The first jazz was almost exclusively rhythmic, having sprung from the drumhead. The small drum, made from bamboo, was called the bamboula, and gave its name to an African dance and to a composition by Louis Moreau Gottschalk, a New Orleans composer who had studied in Paris and embodied pieces of jazz in his works.

When Gottschalk made a concert tour of Europe with his strange new music, a critic there wrote, "Listen to the Bamboula, and you will understand the poetry of this tropical clime." The new rhythms enchanted the composer Anton Dvořák.

After the drums came the banjo. Then tuba, cornet, clarinet, and trombone were added to the jazz band. Guitar, string bass, and piano became parts of the ensemble later. At one time in the early period of jazz a violin was also used, more out of sympathy for the employment of the violinist than anything else. But as Ferdinand ("Jelly Roll") Morton, one of the great-granddaddies of jazz, admitted, "The violin was never played illegitimately even in New Orleans." And jazz that is legitimate is jazz in name only.

"Its contact with the French taste," wrote the novelist George W. Cable, "gave it often great tenderness and sentiment." Said Jelly Roll Morton: "If you can't manage to put tinges of Spanish into your tunes, you will never be able to get the right seasoning, I call it, for jazz."

Morton's own *Tiger Rag*, which he named "after the way I made the tiger roar with my elbow" swept along the keys, and which was played at the famous octoroon balls in New Orleans, was a deformation of the second tableau of a quadrille.

High Society was a march once played by the bands of every French village, *When the Saints Go Marching In* was a spiritual. *Panama* was a French military piece, *Carolina Shout*, a shout or holler that James P. Johnson heard in a Southern cottonfield, a spontaneous outpouring of the Negro at work alone, to relieve his loneliness.

"This habit of hollering has particularly marked the



New Orleans-born Sidney "Pops" Bechet, the wizard of the soprano sax, now in Paris, was among the first to bring jazz to Europe

American Negro at work," writes the jazz historian Rudi Blesh. "On the levees, in the cotton field, on the railroad, he has hollered and moaned his troubles and his observations on the ways of the world." And when Negroes worked together, they sang to relieve the tedium of repetitious manual labor by doing it to rhythms.

The special genius with which all this music was recreated into something new, and exciting, and often unrecognizable, was the genius for improvisation, and not only improvisation individually but—much more demanding—an entire group of musicians all improvising together at once.

Africans are not the only people who have esteemed the art of creating and performing in a single white heat. The dramatic form of the medieval Italian theater known as the *commedia dell'arte* called on the actors to improvise their dialogue as they spoke it along the bare outlines of a written plot. One of the forms of classical music, the concerto, provides for an interval, the cadenza, which was intended to allow the solo artist an opportunity to improvise. So many classical instrumentalists, however, shied at the leap that most cadenzas are now played according to the way some rare impetuous spirit once improvised them, or to set music supplied by the composer. And this though the longest cadenza is only thirty or forty bars, lasting not more than three or four minutes!

Jazz musicians think nothing of improvising for hours, without invention growing either thin or weary. No other musicians have ever taken to themselves so personally and so exuberantly the command to improvise. The music they played was part of the act of creation and would never again be played in exactly the same way.

Natalie Curtis-Burlin, the collector of Negro folk music, spoke of it as "this strange breathless effect of a song being born among a group simultaneously, descending, as it were, from the air." That excitement was perhaps the very root of the word by which the music once called "rambles" came to be known all over the world. Whether

spelled *jass*, as at first, or *jas*, *jasz*, or *jaszz*, as at various times, or *jazz* as now, "the Creoles of New Orleans used the word, taken from the Negro patois and signifying *excité*, to designate a music of syncopated and rudimentary type," Lafcadio Hearn wrote.

Its subjects are few and primitive—sex and sorrow and joy; as Winthrop Sargeant perceptively says, "Its vocabulary does not encompass religious awe, tragedy, romantic nostalgia, metaphysical contemplation, grandeur, wonder, patriotic or humanitarian fervor." The blues speak of the indomitable, unquenchable spirit of man, who cries out of the depths to address himself to the heights; but jazz makes use of blues with that language pretty much left out. It appeals to the motor reflexes, so that even those who profess not to like jazz, or actually to be offended by it, find their feet swaying or tapping to its undismissible rhythms.

Jazz moves to the most uninhibited and complex rhythms in all music: on-beat, off-beat, beats anticipated and delayed, interior rhythms moving simultaneously with exterior, polyrhythms, contrapuntal and antiphonal



Piano-player Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton is jazz immortal. He recorded his autobiography in music for the Library of Congress



Drumming was a tradition in the family of Warren "Baby" Dodds. His great-grandfather beat out the rhythms for voodoo ceremonies in Congo Square, New Orleans

rhythms, and—unique contribution of ragtime—strong beats at points along the music where weak beats would ordinarily be found. At the extreme, jazz produces a hypnotic intoxication amounting to possession, a mood which can occur in either musician or listener.



When the Navy Department closed down New Orleans prostitution in 1917, groups like King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band moved to Chicago

For the dissemination of jazz, it was fortunate that in New Orleans at the shank of the century brass bands flourished as in no other U.S. city. They were street marching bands of gaudily uniformed Negro musicians, and they played for parades and funerals—thirteen of them marched and played in the funeral procession for President Garfield. Jazz readily won over these groups of strolling musicians.

Accompanying a funeral to the cemetery they would sedately play an appropriate spiritual, perhaps *Flee as a Bird to the Mountain*, or *When the Saints Go Marching In*. But as the procession filed out of the cemetery gates "the snare drums would roll, a cornet would sound its high imperious signal notes," writes Rudi Blesh, "and before the band was three blocks away it would be tearing into a syncopated jazz rendering of *Oh, Didn't He Ramble*," referred to in the trade as a "leaving-the-cemetery" tune. "And from there on home the erstwhile mourners strutted and jigged."

Jazz band music began to be used for social dancing in the last fifteen years of the century, but the straitlaced elders tolerated it only as a concession to their dancing children. More than a quarter of a century passed in which jazz was played for dances before respectable New Orleans parents felt they could hire a jazz band without a blush of shame. As late as 1915 a jazz band of which the great trombonist George Brunis was a member played at a country-club dance with their faces to the wall! In the fabulous twenties, when the sins of flaming youth were being blamed on jazz, the city's leading newspaper, the *Times-Picayune*, disavowed any connection between New Orleans and the origins of jazz, and primly affirmed that jazz got its start in the windily wicked city of Chicago.

The move indoors to the dance floor had its effect on

jazz. "You blow different in the street," said one of the immortals of jazz, Warren ("Baby") Dodds, the drummer, whose great-grandfather drummed for the savage ceremonies in Congo Square and passed his traditional "drum talk" along to his great-grandson. And then, too, the instrumentation altered for the altered sound that was desired. String bass replaced tuba, the alto horns were discarded, guitar and eventually piano were added; in addition to which the band consisted of cornet, trombone, clarinet, and drums.

But neither the marching bands nor jazz wholly moved in from the street. Marching bands continued to march, and some took to wheels, traveling in wagons to advertise concerts, sporting events, or brothels. The trombonist



Right: Critics called singer Bessie Smith, noted for her *Empty Bed Blues*, "a completely integrated artist" before her tragic death in auto accident. Below: Billie Holiday sings some of Bessie's songs but with her own inimitable styling



always sat at the very back of the wagon so that his slide could move out freely over the tail-gate of the vehicle, and from this historic fact derived the term for a style of trombone playing—"tail-gate trombone."

In the opening years of the present century, the showboats that were replacing the packets on the inland rivers carried jazz wherever a paddle-wheel turned.

Johnny St. Cyr's banjo and Louis Armstrong's trumpet and Baby Dodds' drum went on the showboats—the *Capitol*, the *Sidney*, the *St. Paul*—up the Mississippi to Memphis, Cairo, St. Louis, Davenport (from which the great jazz cornetist Bix Beiderbecke was to come), and St. Paul. The showboats turned off the Mississippi to follow the Ohio to Pittsburgh, the Missouri to Kansas City and Omaha.

By then, jazz's big break had come. A new music needs a new audience with taste unconventional enough to appreciate it, and with money free enough to support it in the style to which it ought to become accustomed. Jazz found such an audience in New Orleans in brothels, as ragtime found it in the Missouri towns of Sedalia and St. Louis.



Ragtime jam sessions by brass bands followed parades and funerals in the Crescent City at turn of the century



A red-light district was set up in the French Quarter as a reform measure in 1897, and the fancier houses in it soon became profitable sources of employment for jazz musicians. As the century turned, New Orleans, with a population of little more than a quarter million, enumerated 230 brothels with two thousand prostitutes in these "thirty-eight lurid and lively blocks."

More than a hundred jazz musicians were employed in houses like Josie Arlington's four-story mansion, or the establishment of the madam with the wondrous monicker of Countess Willie V. Piazza. Jelly Roll Morton started playing the piano in Lulu White's Mahogany Hall at the age of thirteen and earned as much as a hundred dollars a night. It was for Madam White's house that Clarence Williams named his famous jazz composition *The Mahogany Hall Stomp*. The district was popularly known as Storyville, in honor of the alderman, Sidney Story, a broker, whose ordinance had created it; and an album of jazz now on the market is called "Jazz from Storyville."

After the red lights of Storyville had burned hot and bright for twenty years, it was closed by order of Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, shortly before the United States' entry into the First World War, because of its proximity to a naval base. Jazz musicians drifted from New Orleans to Chicago, which was becoming the new center of jazz.

Meanwhile, jazz had long since started its trek around the world. The first jazz band was taken to Europe before the First World War by Louis Mitchell, who played in Paris and Belfast, and in London picked up and gave a break to a young dancer named Rudolph Valentino. The French were particularly taken by jazz and organized the Hot Club of France. This organization celebrated in 1951 the fiftieth anniversary of jazz with the First International Jazz Salon in Paris. Hugues Panassié and Robert Goffin, a Frenchman and a Belgian, are among the foremost historians of jazz, and another Frenchman, Charles Delaunay, compiled the first and still the only comprehensive catalogue of jazz records, "Hot Discography." Jazz bands have been formed in England, Italy, Sweden, Germany, and other countries, including the Soviet Union, where jazz was officially banned until a recent order purported, at least, to permit it. Most of these groups have been pale imitations; a notable exception is Ted Heath's in London, one of the finest jazz bands in the world.

Who are, and have been, the jazz greats? Few would deny that King Oliver ranks high among cornetists, Johnny Dodds among clarinetists. But their playing as it comes down to us, recorded by the old acoustical method that preceded the modern electrical manner of transcription, is more historical than musical. The sound is thin and ghostly. Enthusiasts contend that after long listening, these old recordings begin to sound real. Most people, perhaps, will prefer to listen to jazz recordings that are at least adequate in sound engineering.

Among the musicians so recorded, the great trumpeters or cornetists include Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke,

(Continued on page 30)

At one time hot music flourished in brothels and cabarets. Today it is part of U.S. culture widely studied and imitated abroad



José Antonio Portuondo

IN SPANISH AMERICA, as in much of the rest of the contemporary world, detective novels and short stories represent the literature of today. For many years now—some say since 1925—no literary form has been more widespread. The major Spanish-language publishing centers—Buenos Aires, Mexico City, Santiago—devote their largest press runs to mystery novels; detective short stories are read almost everywhere in specialized magazines, in the leading general magazines, and in anthologies; and detective fiction is disseminated in comic books and strips, on radio and television, and in the movies.

Most of this output consists largely of translations of foreign, mostly Anglo-Saxon, works. Detective fiction in this part of the Hemisphere has not yet gone beyond the preliminary stage of attempts and experiments or more or less successful imitations of foreign authors, and so far Spanish America has made no outstanding, exclusive contribution to the development of the detective story. Some

whodunits in Spanish

critics, seduced by Howard Haycraft's theory that detective literature is incompatible with regimes of force, which have no room for free administration of justice, have tried to explain this poverty in terms of the frequent Spanish American dictatorships. But it was under one of the cruelest Spanish American tyrannies within recent memory, that of Gerardo Machado in Cuba, that Dr. Israel Castellanos, now a world-renowned police expert, began his career. Moreover, there has been no halt to the reading and distribution of detective fiction in our countries, whatever the current regime.

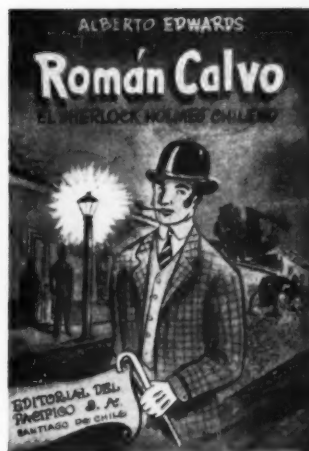
Digging deeper, the Ecuadorean poet Alejandro Carrión has said that "the Spanish and Spanish American temper is not suited to the detective novel." It might perhaps be more accurate to say that since these forms have taken shape in other climes and other languages, Spanish-speaking writers have thus far been confined to imitating them or, at best, to adapting them to local circumstances, demonstrating once again the common literary phenomenon of contagion and acclimatization. In sixteenth-century Spain, this occurred with the importation of the taste for books of chivalry, and—in the other direction—with the spread from Spain throughout Europe of the picaresque novel. As Dorothy L. Sayers has shrewdly noted, the detective novel today occupies the place left vacant centuries ago by the tales of chivalry. Now, as then, the Spanish-speaking countries consume with relish a genre produced outside and are incorporating it into their own literary property. And as before, Spanish interest in the new form coincides almost with its beginnings.

In an essay on the modern novel awarded a prize in Buenos Aires in 1892 and published the same year in Mexico, the Peruvian novelist Mercedes Cabello de Carbonera maintained that "if we examine the ancestry of the novel in America, we shall see the French and Spanish novel always copied." Later she adds:

The only form that has not found imitators in America is the juridical-philosophical novel of M. Gaboriau, and that is to be lamented here, where juridical proceedings are as deficient and slow as they are improper. I think it safe to say that our codifiers can use the juridical novel to make indispensable reforms. . . . And in proof of this assertion, let me say that the French police force, one of the best organized in Europe, has taken examples from the novels of Gaboriau to make salutary reforms, among which may be cited that referring to the evidence called circumstantial or artificial, so neglected among us and almost forgotten in our codes.

It is interesting that this early allusion to the works of one of the creators of the detective form proposes their imitation for essentially pragmatic reasons—for the reform of police and judicial procedures. At the time, Mercedes Cabello de Carbonera's exhortation fell into a void, and the detective form was not deliberately and consciously cultivated until many years later. This means we need not take into account an occasional writer's brush with the theme of police investigation. If we accepted such broad criteria as have led Ellery Queen (Frederic Dannay and Manfred Lee) to include among detective stories the ancient Hebrew tale of the prophet who unmasked the false priests, we should also have to include, and with more reason, the admirable picture of the "tracker" in Sarmiento's *Facundo*. But it is better to start with the period when the detective novel and short story were revived all over the world in their present form—at the end of World War I, according to Haycraft.

It was also about that time that the *Pacifico Magazine* of Santiago, Chile, began to publish the adventures of "Román Calvo, the Chilean Sherlock Holmes," signed "Miguel de Fuenzalida," a pseudonym of the statesman and writer Alberto Edwards (1874-1932). Well read in Conan Doyle and Maurice Leblanc, Edwards made of Román Calvo a likeable Chilean version of the English detective genius, and of Miguel de Fuenzalida a devoted and (like his English counterpart) ingenuous and faithful chronicler of his friend's adventures. These were recounted in about twenty stories, which no one has taken the trouble to bring out in a complete, definitive edition. In 1946, three Román Calvo stories—"Sobre la Pista del Corsario [On the Corsair's Trail]," "La Catástrofe de la Punta del Diablo [The Catastrophe of Devil's Point]," and "El Hombre Misterioso de la Calle de Santa Rosa [The Mysterious Man of Santa Rosa Street]"—were published by The Macmillan Company of New York in a Spanish-teaching edition, prepared by Raymond L. Grismer and Mary B. Macdonald, with notes and vocabulary. Raúl Silva Castro included one of the Román Calvo stories, "El Secuestro del Candidato [The Abduction of the Candidate]," in his anthology *Los Cuentistas Chilenos*, in which he also reprinted a chapter from his biographical pamphlet on Edwards published in 1933. Last year seven more Calvo tales were published in Santiago. I do not



No complete edition of "Román Calvo" stories, among the earliest Spanish American detective fiction, has been published. Collection of seven (above) came out in Santiago last year, U.S. school edition of three (left) in 1946

know of any other Edwards collections or any studies of his contribution to Spanish-language detective literature, although in a sense he initiated it as it is today, and with unquestionable charm and literary quality. His Román Calvo is a Holmes of smaller dimensions, in every sense, than Conan Doyle's, but treated with more humor and cut on the pattern of the ordinary Chilean. Edwards describes him like this:

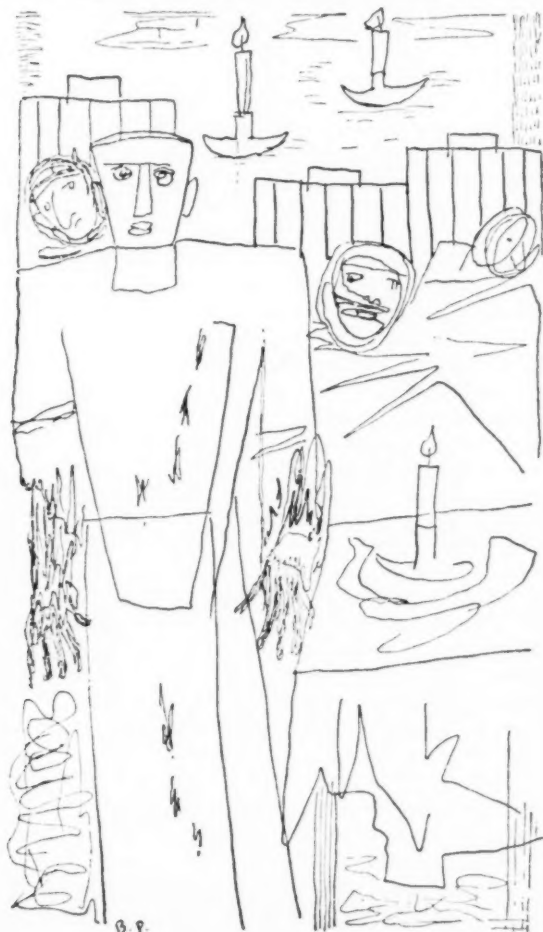
A strange figure was Román. Picture a dark, small, thin youth, with black, penetrating eyes and a wavering glance. At first sight he might be taken for mad. The slovenliness of his dress, the brusqueness and unpredictability of his manners, the nervous restlessness of his extremities, betrayed him as 'queer' and eccentric, with any further examination unnecessary. He lived on a small income, always occupied with unlikely things; he collected insects, made chemical experiments, and showed great interest in genealogy and heraldry. He never published a book, a pamphlet, or even an article. Thus the object of his works and studies was an enigma. On the other hand, he knew anything he was asked, from marriages among Chilean families to the method of preparing *arroz con pollo* Valencian style.

The first influences to be felt in Spanish America were essentially European: Gaboriau, Conan Doyle, Maurice Leblanc. Then came Poe, in the Baudelaire translation. Howard Haycraft maintains that the true renaissance of the U. S. detective novel occurred in 1926, with the publication of *The Benson Murder Case*, by S. S. Van Dine (Willard Huntington Wright, 1883-1939). In 1927, Spanish American avant-garde writers still seemed more familiar with European, particularly French, production. For example, the Cuban Héctor Poveda, writing on the mystery novel in the Havana *Revista de Avance* for October 15, 1927, emphasized the French Fantomas adventures, which enjoyed a brief revival in the thirties, echoed in a lively chronicle by another Cuban writer, Alejo Carpentier, in the Havana magazine *Carteles*.

The interest of Spanish American writers in detective fiction during the thirties ended an age typified by fierce-jacketed translations imported over a long period from

Spanish publishing houses—Sopena, Maucci, Calleja, and Sempere, among others. Some of the definitive works of the genre, such as Emile Gaboriau's *The Lerouge Trial*, were introduced by the popular Sopena Library of Great Novels, along with others now forgotten. Another Spanish publishing house published the Sherlock Holmes stories and novels complete, and others the works of Gaston Leroux; the Raffles adventures, by E. W. Hornung, Conan Doyle's brother-in-law; Leblanc's Arsène Lupin; and others less important. Besides these, and destined for less demanding readers, an unending stream of adventure booklets and pamphlets had issued from a certain inexhaustible Barcelona publishing house since the beginning of the century. Their heroes in many cases bore famous names—Sherlock Holmes; Nick Carter; Nick Winter; Old King Brady; Lord Jackson, "rival of Sherlock Holmes"; John C. Raffles; Lord Lister; Arsène Lupin; Fantomas—but the adventures were entirely apocryphal. The popularity of these booklets led some playwrights to try their luck, and after 1908 Sherlock Holmes and Raffles took the stage in Spain in *zarzuelas* written in col-

J. A. Ballester Peña drawing from *Plan de Evasión*, by Adolfo Bioy Casares, Argentine author of and authority on detective fiction



laboration by Gonzalo Jover and Emilio González del Castillo. Professor Paul Patrick Rogers of Oberlin College published an interesting study on "Sherlock Holmes on the Spanish Stage" in the June 1931 issue of *Modern Language Forum*, which was efficiently summarized by Vincent Starrett in his book *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*.

Then, in 1935, the Buenos Aires review *Sur* published an important article by Jorge Luis Borges on "The Detective Labyrinths and Chesterton," in which he tried to boil down the guiding principles of this literary form into a few essential rules. Three years later there appeared, also in Buenos Aires, a Spanish translation of Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday* by the great Mexican writer Alfonso Reyes, one of the most perceptive commentators on the genre in the Spanish language. In 1940 the first Argentine detective novel of stature appeared—*Con la Guadaña al Hombro* (With Scythe on Shoulder), by Ameltax Mayfer (Abel Mateo), who has since brought the mystery theme to the theater in *Un Viejo Olor a Almendras Amargas* (An Old Smell of Bitter Almonds, 1948) and to the movies in *Reportaje en el Infierno* (Report from Hell). At the end of last year Mayfer published *El Asesino Está en la Cárcel* (The Murderer Is in Jail), a splendid collection of short stories filled with a sarcastic humor at times reminiscent of Ben Hecht.

In the forties detective fiction became naturalized—a process fostered by devoted writers like Borges and Bioy Casares, who in 1942, hidden behind the pseudonym "H. Bustos Domecq," published in Buenos Aires a volume of short stories entitled *Seis Problemas para Don Isidro Parodi* (Six Problems for Don Isidro Parodi). Alfonso Reyes believes that "with this book, detective literature invades Spanish America for good, and it comes decked out in *porteño* dialect." It is a serious attempt at acclimatization of the Chestertonian type of detective story. Not to slight their sharp allusions to the social scene, what is most notable about the stories is their *porteñismo*—the strong sense of local color achieved by a deft treatment of local speech. But as with Father Brown, the problems resolved by Don Isidro's keen brain hinge less on pure detective induction than on the higher plane of intellectual exercise, dressed this time not with theological sauce but with sharp *criollo* wit. *Seis Problemas para Don Isidro Parodi*, therefore, is not a dish for all palates.

Much the same may be said of the novels and stories of several other River Plate authors, which were inspired by the example of Borges and Bioy Casares. It is true of *El Asesino Desvelado* (The Vigilant Murderer, 1945), by the Uruguayan Enrique Amorim; of *Los que Aman, Odian* (Those Who Love, Hate, 1946) by Bioy Casares and his wife, Silvina Ocampo; and of *El Estruendo de las Rosas* (The Din of the Roses, 1948), by another Argentine, Manuel Peyrou, who won a Buenos Aires Municipal Literary Prize in 1945 with his volume of detective stories entitled *La Espada Dormida* (The Sleeping Sword). Peyrou is unquestionably the most gifted of the detective-story disciples of Borges. The plot of *El Estruendo de las Rosas* is original and moves along at a good pace, and its atmosphere unites reality and fantasy to reveal to us that

occult aspect of everyday life and that "reason of unreason" which are the distinguishing characteristics of Kafka's *The Trial* and Hugh Walpole's *Above the Dark Circus*. Peyrou and the rest, however, remain in the realm of speculation and logic, where the detective story has a contribution to make to the revival of a genre that nowadays is dying, becoming diluted in Virginia Woolf's prose poems or in the return to primeval Chaos of *Finnegans Wake*.

The Cuban Lino Novás Calvo has pointed out, with acerbity and vehemence, the danger that detective fiction will be carried along this intellectual road to sterility, and contrasted with these attempts the example of certain North Americans, such as Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, and James M. Cain. Despite the merits of the intellectual writers—"merits in problem, in plot, in form, in mystery, and in ingenuity"—they have "brought detective fiction to the zone where the novel becomes sterile, to a point never reached by the magnificent U. S. novels that have achieved a brilliant compromise between the two fields of detective stories and straight fiction." Novás Calvo himself has given us a Cuban version of this kind of detective fiction in some well-handled stories that appeared a few years ago in the magazine *Bohemia*. Here language and atmosphere combine to achieve the complete naturalization of techniques brought into fashion by Hammett, Chandler, Cain, and lately Cornell Woolrich.

In Argentina, where the example of Borges and his disciples naturally weighs most heavily, the influence of U. S. production was felt very early, engendering a legion of writers whose literary merit varies widely but who are more faithful to the customary pattern of detective fiction. The preoccupation with the intellectual, manifested at times in a certain ostentatious erudition (the Van Dine and Dorothy L. Sayers school, principally) does not always prevent clean-cut development of the mystery situation or carry the story off on the wings of symbolism. Take, for example, such novels as those of Lisardo Alonso, W. I. Eisen, Rodolfo J. Walsh, J. E. Fentanes, Alfredo Julio Grassi, José E. Batiller, Ignacio Covarrubias, and Néstor Morales Loza.

Alonso, a Catholic writer, always interlaces his didactic purpose skillfully with a lively plot and adequate doses

Illustration from U.S. school edition of Enrique Amorim's El Asesino Desvelado



of more or less scientific erudition, as when, in *La Vuelta de Oscar Wilde* (The Return of Oscar Wilde), he bases an attack on spiritualism on the Jesuit Heredia's well-known book, without, however, impugning the good faith of naïve believers. Other writers, like Luis de la Puente, prefer to place their stories in an exotic atmosphere, primarily New York, although they succeed in giving a local note in stories like De la Puente's own *La Rivadavia Azul* or in novels like his *El Enigma de los Gorilas*. This last shows clearly the influence of the bold and at times brutal style of Erle Stanley Gardner. Gardner, Ellery Queen, Dorothy L. Sayers, S. S. Van Dine, John Dickson Carr (and his alter ego, Carter Dickson), and lately Cornell Woolrich (who also writes as William Irish) are the favorite models. Sometimes imitation assumes almost the proportions of parody, as in the novels of the Chilean "James Endhard" (Camilo Pérez de Arce)—*Estocada y Veneno* (Stab and Poison), *Un Crimen entre Psicólogos* (A Crime among Psychologists), and so on. Pérez de Arce's amateur detective, Hermes Theocopulos, is a sometimes reduced, never improved, and too often expanded version of Philo Vance and Lord Peter Wimsey.

In Chile, the tradition of Miguel de Fuenzalida survives in the short stories of L. A. Isla—"El Crimen del Parque Forestal" [The Crime in Forest Park], "El Indiferente"—and even in some works of larger scope, such as Guillermo Blanco's *Los Minutos Acusan*. In "La Bailarina de los Pies Desnudos" [The Dancer with Bare Feet], René Vergara has produced a handsome example of the detective short story. Without question, the best of the Chileans is the short-story writer Luis Enrique Délano, who uses the pseudonym "Mortimer Gray." The influence of a long residence in New York is unmistakable in Délano's detective stories and novelettes, among which the novelette *El Caso del Cuadro Surrealista* (The Case of the Surrealistic Picture) deserves mention.

Most of the writers I have cited have tried to make detective fiction at home in Spanish America by situating their stories in their own countries and using local characters. Many have employed to advantage the wealth of popular speech and the various argots of Spanish American low life: writers like the Argentines Facundo Marull, author of *Una Bala para Riquelme* (A Bullet for Riquelme) and Jerónimo del Rey (Father Leonardo Castellani), author of *La Mosca del Oro* (The Gold Fly); the Cuban Lino Novás Calvo, author of *La Yegua Ruina y el Tiro Chiquito* (The Mare in Heat and the Singlefoot) and *¡Y Baila y Baila!* (Dancing and Dancing); and the Mexican Antonio Helú, author of *El Crimen de Insurgentes* (The Insurgentes Crime). This fruitful though dangerous linguistic exercise has produced at its best the Quevedo-like virtuosity of Borges and Bioy Casares in *Seis Problemas para Don Isidro Parodi*, and at its worst the clumsy and unnecessarily faithful copy of Mexican down-and-outer speech attempted by Pepe Martínez de la Vega in *Humorismo en Camiseta* (Humor in an Undershirt) or *Aventuras de Peter Pérez*.

Mexican writers have concentrated chiefly on the short story. Their most noteworthy characteristics are Maria

(Continued on page 26)



BREEDING THE BULLS

What goes on behind the scenes to ready the animals for the ring

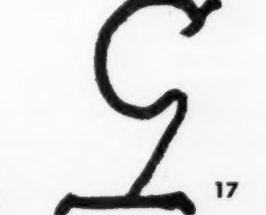
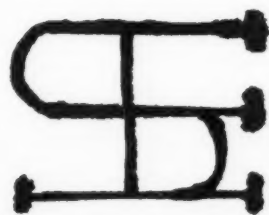
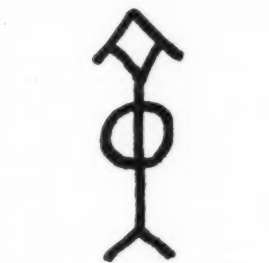
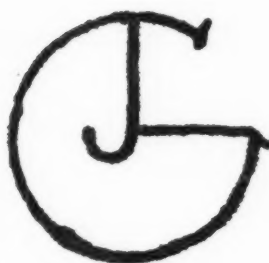
N. Pelham Wright

THE HERO-WORSHIP surrounding the *torero* at the bullfight generally obscures the importance of the animal in the arena. Yet if an ordinary farmyard bull were assigned the rather tragic role in the drama, he would probably react much like Munro Leaf's lovable little Ferdinand. It is no accident that fighting bulls put up a good show, for these animals belong to a pure, long-established strain of compact, pugnacious cattle, selected, bred, and conditioned for the ring. Even the most enthusiastic *aficionado* of the sport may be unaware of what goes on behind the scenes to prepare the animals for the Sunday afternoon in the bullring.

In Spain, bullfighting as a national institution presumably goes back as far as the ninth century (the first recorded public *corrida* was held in 1135 at the coronation of Alfonso VII). The *toros de lidia*, as the fighting bulls are called, are descended from cattle introduced into Spain from North Africa by the Moors, and possibly crossed with the aurochs, wild cattle that are now extinct but existed at that time in Spain and many other parts of Europe. When scientific breeding began, three main races or *castas* of fighting bulls were recognized, each with its own characteristics. The best-known *casta* was probably the Andalusian, of which the Vistahermosa and Vasqueña strains were outstanding. A larger type was the Castilian (Colmenareño and Jijona), while in the mountains of Navarre a third race, considerably smaller yet extremely tough and aggressive, had evolved.

In Latin America bullfighting is popular in eight republics—Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela, Peru, Ecuador, Guatemala, Panama, and Costa Rica—but the tradition is oldest in Mexico. Today there are no less than 104 Mexican towns with permanent bullrings, and in innumerable villages bullfighting is practiced informally and sporadically in improvised corrals. "Plaza Mexico" in the capital is the largest bullring in the world, with a capacity of fifty thousand people (Spain's biggest accommodates around thirty-two thousand). Mexico also has the reputation of raising the best fighting bulls in America, with 114 recognized breeding establishments; thirty-six have received their *cartel*, or formal recognition of excellence from the Mexican Association of Breeders of Fighting Bulls. Most of these haciendas are found in the high-lying south-central part of the country, particularly in the states of Mexico, Tlaxcala, Guanajuato, and Jalisco, where the altitude varies between five and seven thousand feet.

The date of the first bullfight in colonial Mexico is apparently unrecorded, but it cannot have been long



Designs on this page are brand-marks of Mexican breeding farms, whose names, like Pestejé (top left), are household words in bullfighting circles



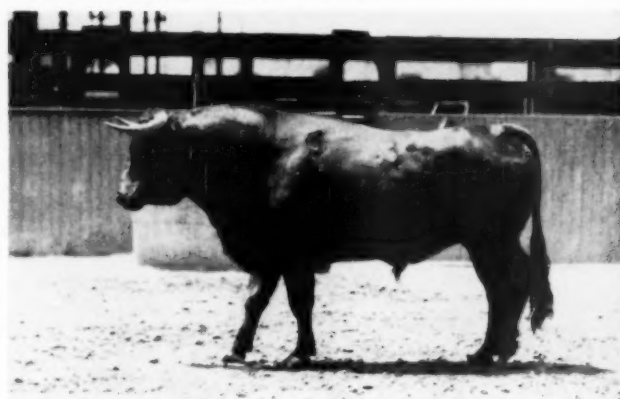
Aerial view of the world's largest bullring, built partly below street level, in Mexico City

after the Conquest, for we find that by 1552 Juan Gutiérrez Altamirano, a kinsman of Hernán Cortés who had accompanied him on his campaign thirty years earlier, brought to Mexico from Spain twelve pairs of Navarrese fighting cattle. With them he introduced the breeding of these animals into the New World—at Atenco, in the state of Mexico, about an hour and a quarter from the capital by road. This hacienda still enjoys some prestige, though its animals are small and its output has been impaired by the agrarian-reform program born of the Mexican revolution, which has reduced its grazing area from some three thousand hectares to less than a hundred. Perhaps the leading hacienda for brave bulls is Pastéjé, where the animals are considered the closest approach to the original Spanish stock. Pastéjé was recently bought by Carlos Arruza, a young retired matador and erstwhile idol of Mexican bullfight fans.

Mexican fighting bulls are descended from Spanish stock originally crossed with selected *vacas criollas*—the ordinary domestic cows of the early colonial period. Later, when scientific breeding took hold in Mexico, cows from Spain were also used. In due time the *criolla* influence was eliminated entirely, so that today there is no great difference in appearance between the best Mexican and Spanish stock except that the Mexican animals are generally smaller.

In Spain, records of outstanding individual animals go back to the early part of the seventeenth century, but not until 1775 did a scientific approach to breeding begin. Since then, of course, knowledge of genetics and dietetic principles has increased enormously, and the quality of the animals—from the *torero's* viewpoint—has improved accordingly.

In Mexico, climatic considerations appear to be responsible for any divergence in temperament between the local animals and those of Spain. Generally speaking, Mexico's low-lying tropical regions, because of insect pests, ticks, and other harmful parasites, are unsuitable for the breeding of any quality cattle except the zebu. Yet the high plateau rarely produces pasturage comparable to equivalent regions in Spain. With this nutritional disadvantage, the Mexican animals tend to lack the *fuerza* and *casta* of their Spanish opposite numbers—terms that



"Amapolo," formidable bull from San Mateo hacienda, became famous for his savagery in the ring

to the expert mean physical resistance and belligerence. Anyone who has been to a bullfight in Mexico knows this does not imply that Mexican bulls are "Ferdinands." But while a "good" Spanish bull, once it enters the arena, will charge anything in sight (often a peon with a brilliant cloak on the other side of the ring), the Mexican animals are inclined toward apathy at the outset and must be excited into action. After that, however, the Mexican bull can be relied on to perform in much the same way as the pure-bred Spanish animal.

Apparently the altitude and climate of the Mexican plateau cause a slight degeneration in all nonindigenous mammals. Certain European breeds of dogs grow perceptibly smaller after a few generations, and whereas Spanish bulls on presentation for *corridas* usually vary in weight from about a thousand to thirteen hundred pounds, the Mexican bull at fighting age tends to average about 950 pounds. Fertility may or may not be relevant, but in Spain a breeding cow will calve about once in every fifteen months, while in Mexico the comparable figure is once every two years.

An old though rare custom in bullfighting is the indulgence, a demand by the spectators that a bull's life be spared if it demonstrates exceptional fighting spirit in the ring. Such animals are taken back to their original hacienda to recover from whatever wounds they have received and are put to stud for the rest of their lives.

But however courageous a bull may be, the public is unlikely to intervene on its behalf if the *torero* is putting on a good performance. The last indulgence on record in Mexico, where about a thousand bulls are killed every year, was in 1943, when an animal bred by Carlos Cuevas was spared.

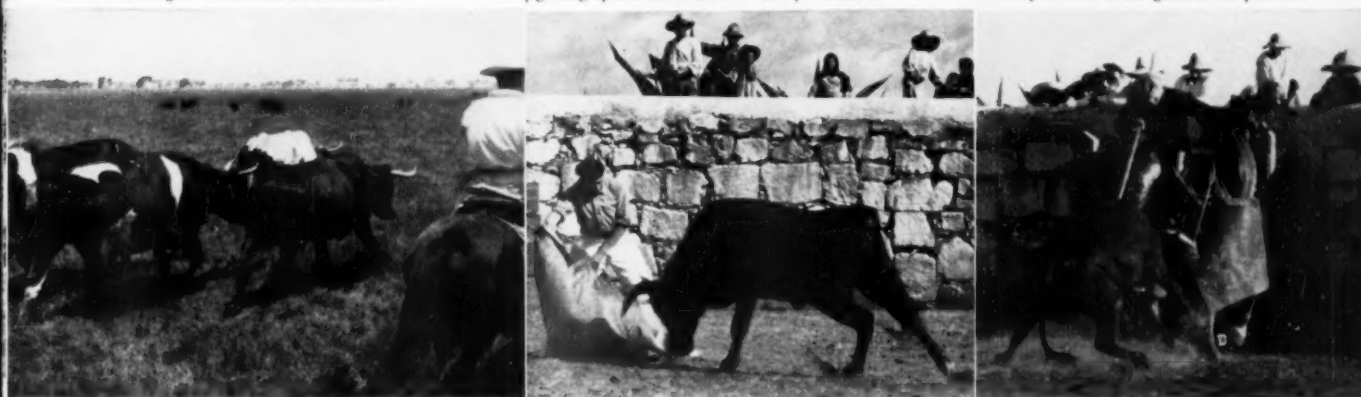
With the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in Spain in 1944, Mexico, which was then free of the scourge, stopped cattle imports from abroad. Ever since then the Mexican fighting strain has been developed independently, without reliance on Spanish blood. Meanwhile, Mexico has been supplying animals to some countries farther south, although Colombia, Venezuela, and Peru do their own breeding and continue to import stud animals from Spain. Mexico's main American competi-

centralized pedigree records. Each breeder is a law unto himself, with his own selection methods and system. Breeding problems may be taken to a committee of experts at the Association for informal consultation, if desired, but the Association can only tender advice. The breeder will normally gear his selection and breeding policy to a definite goal: to increase the fighting spirit of the animals that will bear the brand-marks and colors of the hacienda in the bullring. The breeder may also aim for a standard color or size, which will influence his choice of mating animals. Horn growth is another consideration. *Toreros* do not like to fight animals with wide-spreading horns, and, theoretically at least, a hot dry climate like that of Mexico's central tableland encourages the growth of bony tissue.

Cowboys riding out to the bulls with oxen, who act as buffer between man and beast

Tienta at Zacatepec hacienda to test bull's fighting spirit. Animals are rarely corralled

Tientas simulate conditions in the ring, but cowboy uses shorter goad than picador



tion today comes from Colombia, which has at least a dozen well-known breeding centers, among them the famous Durán y Mondoñedo, Aguasvivas, and La Chamba.

Mexican breeders are well aware that, with Spanish stud animals cut off and with local climatic and nutritional problems, they must breed scientifically to maintain their record. Otherwise, their bulls could gradually relapse into docility. The standards set by the Breeders' Association must therefore be high.

Only one or two breeding haciendas a year achieve the *cartel*, a distinction subject to vigorous requirements. To qualify, the hacienda must possess a minimum of three stud bulls of demonstrably pure Spanish ancestry, and at least seventy-five cows raised in "*cartel* establishments." Furthermore, there must be a successful record in the arena of the *novillos*—young bulls fought by the less experienced *toreros*—produced by the hacienda in question, a test involving the joint performance of eighteen *novillos* at three different *novilladas* in one of Mexico's main plazas. (A *novillada* is a bullfight at which six young animals are fought in the ring by *novilleros*.) As every breeder's ambition is to obtain the *cartel*, these conditions are calculated to insure a high standard of breeding technique and to make for a steady improvement in the stock, and consequently in the performance, of Mexican animals.

Surprisingly, the Breeders' Association maintains no

Artificial insemination with cattle of this type is universally rejected, both in Spain and in America, as being psychologically undesirable. All mating takes place in the open, and the cow is simply introduced into a group already accompanying the bull. In no circumstances are the animals brought into the corrals or hacienda buildings.

"Brave bulls" require a routine entirely different from the care of other cattle. Animals destined for fighting live active untrammelled lives, roaming the *potreros*, or vast expanses of pastureland, where they build up physical strength and endurance. A bull will visit the hacienda buildings only two or three times in its life—once, at the age of about a year, for branding; once to be tested for its fighting spirit (called a *tienta*); and finally, when it is brought in to be trucked away to the bullring.

Mounted *vaqueros* or cowboys generally visit each herd daily, "moving them around," counting them, and observing the individual behavior closely. (No fodder is necessary unless drought deprives the cattle of their natural feed.) To protect his horse from goring as he maneuvers the cattle, the cowboy uses the *cabresto*, an ox trained to act as a buffer. Perhaps he took counsel from the elephant-tamers in India, who traditionally use tame elephants to subdue their wild cousins. In any case, the *cabresto* is an intelligent beast, the result of careful selection, and always puts the bulls more at ease in the

(Continued on page 35)



ARGENTINE MOVIES

*River Plate film industry is
rich in beauty and talent*

Jaime Potenze

THE UNCERTAINTY ABOUT author and play that surrounds the first native Argentine dramatic work does not cloud the history of the national motion picture. All the specialists—and more important, the eyewitnesses—agree that Italian-born Mario Gallo made our first movie back in 1908: *El Fusilamiento de Dorrego* (The Execution of Dorrego), dealing with Argentine independence. Actually, before Gallo produced his picture, Max Glücksmann, a young employee of a photographic studio who had come across a movie camera, was devoting all his free time to photographing whatever he saw. The Navy Ministry learned of his hobby and commissioned him to do a documentary on naval maneuvers. But while this was shown before *El Fusilamiento de Dorrego*, it had no script.

There is a photograph of Gallo that shows him sporting a derby and a Garibaldi moustache, typical of the Italian immigrants of the period. Unlike Glücksmann, he entered movie-making without preparation. Ever since he had come to Argentina in 1905, he had been playing the piano in cafés and tea shops. Inspired by the success of the new art in Europe, he obtained a camera and began his adventure in cinema on pure intuition. *El Fusilamiento de Dorrego* was his first and last picture, and no copy has been preserved.

The seed was sown. We shall see what kind of soil it fell upon. First off, Julio Alsina saw the possibilities

of the industry and in 1909 established the Sociedad General Cinematográfica, which timidly tried a few pictures with plots—mostly historical subjects, following the same trend that had marked the first theatrical pieces. It is interesting to note the parallel between cinema and theater. In the beginning both drew heavily on the folkways of the people, and were supported by the poorest classes. If we go back to the days of the Ranchería Theater, where the first dramatic spectacles were presented in Buenos Aires, we find that although the performances were originally sponsored by the Viceroy, little by little the colonial aristocracy abandoned the theater to the common people, and the shows were naturally molded to the latter's tastes. The very name "ranchería" suggests a poor group of huts, a sort of Indian camp, in which the least distinguished inhabitants of the city were crowded together.

This lack of confidence on the part of the upper classes—due in colonial times to the influence of the clergy and the congenital suspicion with which South Americans receive anything new—has continued with slight variations throughout the history of the Argentine stage. Educated people have not approached the theater or the movies wholeheartedly, and a list of successful dramatists or script writers would reveal that the most famous were intuitive writers, skilled in discovering—and catering to—mass preferences. Experiments

Movie fans in Argentina flock to see popular Zully Moreno



Tita Merello has been top-flight actress for past twenty years

Laura Hidalgo, considered one of most beautiful Argentine stars



with drama or movie writing by famous men of letters of the stature of Enrique Larreta, Ricardo Rojas, and Ezequiel Martínez Estrada have not come up to the level of their other output; the most distinguished script writers are people who have not produced any notable work outside of the movies—people like Sixto Pondal Ríos, Carlos Olivari, Homero Manzi, Ulyses Petit de Murat.

Just as the first Argentine stage success was a gaucho pantomime, *Juan Moreira*, the picture that aroused the enthusiasm of the hitherto apathetic critics and attracted previously unknown audiences was *Nobleza Gaucha*, conceived and produced by Humberto Cairo in 1915 and directed by Eduardo Martínez and Ernesto Gunche. This success opened the eyes of various capitalists to the possibilities of the new industry and, logically, opened their pocketbooks also. Stage actors hastily accepted the offers that began to rain upon them, and almost immediately the same pair of directors, Martínez and Gunche, filmed *Hasta Después de Muerta* (Till after Death), with Florencio Parravicini, one of the most famous actors on the Argentine stage, heading the cast, and Orfilia Rico—who had played the heroine of *Nobleza Gaucha*—Sylvia Parodi, and others in supporting roles. Shortly afterward the first “studios” were opened in the Palermo district of Buenos Aires. Equipment: a “movable and revolving” camera especially constructed to follow the motion of the sun. The proprietors: Martínez and Gunche.

This tendency to recruit theater performers to play in pictures continues. In the movie industry there is no organization comparable to the National Conservatory of Music and Stage Art, a state institution that trains aspiring young actors for the theater. Most of the professional legitimate theaters in Buenos Aires hire Conservatory graduates for minor roles, and so far this practice has produced excellent results. But the only institution devoted to serious study of movie matters, the Instituto Argentino de Arte Cinematográfico, which is sponsored by the local branch of the International Catholic Film Office, has not yet tackled the problem of training actors.

A noteworthy event in the history of silent films in Argentina was the appearance of Carlos Gardel, a singer who was to become the idol of South America, in a picture called *La Loba* (The She-Wolf) in 1917. *La Muchacha del Arrabal*, filmed by José A. Ferreyra in 1922, marked the first attempt at photographing with artificial light, and achieved a sort of sound track through the use of voice recordings played in the orchestra pit or below the stage. The presence of Roberto Firpo's native orchestra at one side of the screen, replacing the traditional pianist and playing music especially adapted to the film, helped create an atmosphere that might be considered prophetic of the stereophonic sound of 1953.

The Hollywood revolution of 1928, the perfection of the “talkies,” had repercussions in Argentina two years later. Talking pictures produced in the United States for the Spanish-speaking market appeared, starring José Crespo, Conchita Montenegro, José Bohr, and even Adolphe Menjou, who speaks Spanish perfectly. Neither the actors nor the stories appealed very much to Argen-

tine audiences, so consideration was given to the idea of a national "sonorous and talking" picture industry. After the experimental *La Dama del Collar* (The Lady with the Necklace, 1930), by Arturo Mom, José A. Ferreyra directed the first completely spoken and sung Argentine picture the next year. It was called *Muñequitas Porteñas* (Buenos Aires Dolls), and starred María Turguenova, supported by Floren Delbene and Mario Soffici, who later became one of the foremost directors in South America. As in his previous work, Ferreyra chose an eminently popular theme. The same year saw the filming of the first Argentine full-length animated cartoon. The title, *Peludópolis*, referred to the administration of ex-President Hipólito Irigoyen, who had been overthrown the year before.

In 1932 the Luminton Studio was established, with halls and technical equipment that were truly impressive, even if not "up to the world's best," as the enthusiastic ads proclaimed. The breach opened by that company was widened by Argentina Sono Film, which in 1933 produced Luis Moglia Barth's *Tango* with a cast that would cost a fortune today. Headed by Libertad Lamarque, it included Luis Sandrini, now one of the biggest comic box-office attractions of the Spanish-language movies; Tita Merello, the actress voted the best of the year in 1952; Pepe Arias, shortly afterward vehemently acclaimed as the best Argentine actor by Octavio Ramírez, critic for *La Nación*; and singers of the stature of Mercedes Simone and Azucena Maizani, whose radio programs are still the favorites of tango devotees. The picture aimed only at taking advantage of the popularity of the cast, making little attempt at plot continuity, and it succeeded admirably.

Sandrini, playing in variety shows, had developed the

character of a simple-minded good-hearted fellow, which still pays off handsomely. In fact, South American screen actors and actresses have this tendency to harden into fixed types. The most famous comedians of this part of the Hemisphere—Sandrini and the Mexican Cantinflas—have not taken the trouble to develop their acting styles, and while it is true that each has created a character, it would seem that the undeniable and partially deserved success they have won in consequence has been enough to satisfy them. But the question could be raised, in rebuttal, of how far an actor who has won success in certain roles must continue his professional evolution, especially since when Sandrini tried his talents in a U. S. play (*They Knew What They Wanted*, by Sidney Howard), he could not match Charles Laughton's excellence in the same role on the screen. Perhaps we critics are too demanding, but we are not looking only for the personal pleasure of seeing actors in works we like; our disappointment springs rather from the legitimate desire to see them in roles that will display their greatest abilities.

In 1933, Enrique Larreta took to the screen with *El Linyera* (The Bum). While it won no glory, it had the merit of showing the serious concern of a first-rank writer for this new means of expression, then in bad repute among the educated classes. Three years later two very imaginative directors appeared. Alberto de Zavalía and Luis Saslavsky, who, with the best of intentions but little skill, filmed two pictures that showed a sincere desire to avoid the hackneyed and even to introduce a breath of expressionism. As with any first attempt, these films contained many mistakes, but the directors went on to distinguished careers. Saslavsky eventually went to Europe, where he has just directed *La*

Argentina Sono Film has produced 149 pictures since it was established in 1933. Five sound stages cover 320,000 square feet





Argentine comedian Luis Sandrini, noted for his portrayal of a simple, well-meaning character, as he appeared in *Riachuelo* in 1934



Scene from *Viento Norte*, one of three best Argentine films, is acted by (from left) Elías Alippi, Angel Magaña, and Enrique Muño

Neige Était Sale (The Snow Was Dirty), starring Daniel Gelin. Zavalia later filmed *Malambo*, one of the most interesting pictures ever made in Argentina.

There are others from the Argentine movie industry who have triumphed in Europe and the United States. John Alton, who photographed *Los Tres Berretines*, one of the first Argentine films, was awarded a Hollywood "Oscar" in 1952 for his work on *An American in Paris*. Hugo Fregonese, the director of *Apenas un Delincuente* and *Donde Mueren las Palabras*, won a Hollywood contract on the strength of the latter, and in California he has made *Untamed Frontier* (1952) and *My Six Convicts* (1951). Last year he directed *Decameron Nights* in Europe and *Blowing Wild* (with Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck) in Mexico, both for U.S. companies. Tilda Thamar, who made a name for herself in frivolous comedies in Argentina, is now winning success in France, where she has just appeared in *La Caraque Blonde*. Carlos Thompson, an able actor, has been in Hollywood since he made *Front Algiers* (1953) with Yvonne de Carlo. That picture was not very successful, but better results are expected from *The Flesh and the Flame*, just finished in London, in which he appears with Lana Turner and Pier Angeli. Last but not least is the case of Fernando Lamas, whose pictures are too well known everywhere to need listing here, and who has attained a privileged position in the United States, whereas in Argentina he played secondary roles. Incidentally, the only Lamas

picture made abroad that has been shown in Buenos Aires, *The Law and the Lady*, attracted little attention here.

It might be expected that foreigners would have come to work in Argentina in reciprocity, but the list is brief and is made up primarily of technicians. Of course, the Italian actor Aldo Fabrizi made *Emigrantes* here; Pierre Chenal filmed pictures here during the war; Mexican and Spanish stars like Arturo de Córdova, María Félix, Dolores del Río, and Imperio Argentina have passed sporadically through our sets. The photographer Pablo Tabernero is German; the director Ralph Pappier, Chinese. But on the whole the Argentine movie industry is based on local manpower.

The pages of the literary magazine *Sur* were first opened to Argentine films in 1937, when the distinguished writer and critic Jorge Luis Borges reviewed favorably Luis Saslavsky's *La Fuga*. This was a good detective film, in which the actors, Tita Merello, Sebastián Chiola, and Francisco Petrone, brought a new dramatic intensity to their roles. The same year, Mario Soffici took his camera into the country and made *Viento Norte* (North Wind), based on *Una Excursión a los Indios Ranqueles*, by Lucio V. Mansilla. Despite the time that has elapsed since, that picture has never been surpassed in its field. The cast was headed by Enrique Muño, Angel Magaña, Elías Alippi, Camila Quiroga, and a sixteen-year-old girl making her first appearance, Delia Garcés, who was to become one of the leading actresses in South America. This was an epic picture set in the time when the nation was being organized. Its theme introduced possibilities followed by other directors, but only for a short time, for within a few years the movies abandoned local themes for insignificant comedies.

Viento Norte, *Prisioneros de la Tierra* (Prisoners of the Land, 1939), and *Tres Hombres del Río* (Three Men of the River, 1943) are the three best Argentine films. *Prisioneros de la Tierra* was played by Angel Magaña, Francisco Petrone, Raúl de Lange, Roberto Fugazot, Homero Cárpena, and Elisa Galvé. The plot was drawn from several short stories by Horacio Quiroga, which described the tragic life of the workers on the *mate* plantations in Misiones. It was a vigorous, balanced, authentic, sincere film, in which the director, Mario Soffici, showed hitherto unsuspected technical ability. The use of the sound track to underline terror, of Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* to describe an incredible facet of a character—sadistic and insensible to human suffering but passionately devoted to music—and a scene in the forest in which the main character gives another a brutal beating, are unique moments on the Argentine screen. In *Tres Hombres del Río*, the same Soffici demonstrated his mastery of subject and camera and achieved an air of poetry. Artistically, it is one of the most beautiful films made in Argentina, and some of its scenes—especially one that presents three violent men on the verge of committing rape, in contrast to the girl, who waits for them in the cabin with a Christmas crèche—are presented in exceptionally eloquent and pure film language.

(Continued on page 44)



One of several workshops in Haiti that turn out attractive mahogany articles. Raw material is piled up at right

MADE OF MAHOGANY

SMALL INDUSTRY IN HAITI

Photographs by Varies Fisher

ONE DAY in 1595, at a port somewhere in the Caribbean area, a carpenter aboard a ship of Sir Walter Raleigh's outward bound from England in search of gold noticed for the first time the beauty, hardness, and durability of a local wood—mahogany. This was the beginning of its use in the construction of everything from house furnishings to yacht hulls. Made into furniture in London by master craftsmen in the early eighteenth century, it received wide public acclaim. Ever since then, the precious timber, found in Central America, the West Indies, and some parts of South America, has been much in demand. Today it is also the raw material for the superb handicraft—bowls, ashtrays, cigarette boxes, salad forks and spoons, bookends, statuettes, and so on—turned out by the people of Haiti as a substantial contribution to the national economy.

There are now some twenty workshops employing about 1,436 people. During the year 1952-53, some 65,491 pounds of mahogany objects were exported—mostly to the United States—representing a value of about \$326,795.

In the eighteenth century, raw mahogany was one of Haiti's leading exports to Europe. However, after independence was achieved in 1804, the market fell off, and local manufacture of mahogany objects absorbed the production of wood. During this period, Haitians became proficient at handicraft. Until World War II, goods were made in the home and sold along the waterfront or in gift shops to visitors from abroad. When war shut down tourist traffic almost entirely, the export of mahogany

objects began, largely as a result of the impetus given the industry by the arrival in Haiti of a number of European refugees, mostly Austrian. Lending their organizational talents to the enterprise, they centralized production by gathering craftsmen together in workshops and furnishing them with raw materials. In order to preserve the handicraft skills that had been passed on from generation to generation, they used very little machinery. Their organization also virtually eliminated flaws in the finished product and imperfect workmanship. The competition they set up stirred the artisans themselves to emulate the new methods, with the result that today the industry is largely under Haitian control.

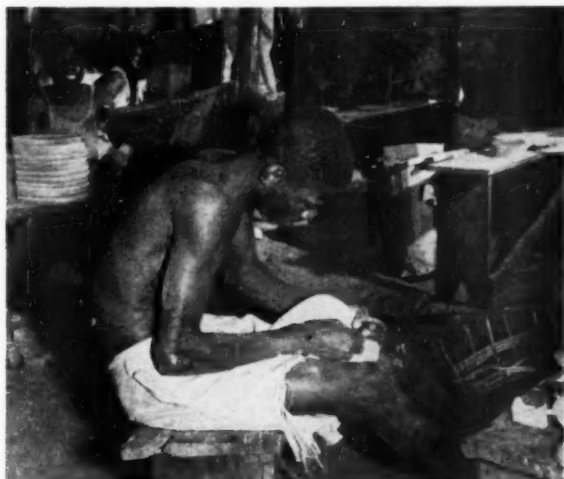
Haitian mahogany resources, however, are still scarcely tapped. Growing on the mountain slopes, the trees are not readily accessible. Many a native in these areas builds his hut of the precious wood, which he cuts indiscriminately, unaware of its value, thereby creating a reforestation problem. Until roads are built and forest-dwellers are properly educated, mahogany trees will be felled and cut into planks by hand-saw, then carried out to the road, placed on primitive conveyances, and carted to town. There the planks are cut again; the wood is fashioned into the desired shapes, scraped, smoothed, rounded, stained, and polished several times. Finally, the objects are packed and crated and brought to the seaports, whence they go out by ship to grace the homes of the world, embodying in their rich texture and finish the natural beauty of the island republic and the skill and dexterity of Haitian hands.—*W.B.A.*



To preserve old handicraft skills, Haitians avoid machines as much as possible. Motor-driven band saw cuts mahogany chunks into rough shape



One of few craftsmen in workshop sufficiently skilled to operate motor-driven lathe roughs out salad bowl on makeshift apparatus. Rest of work will be done by hand

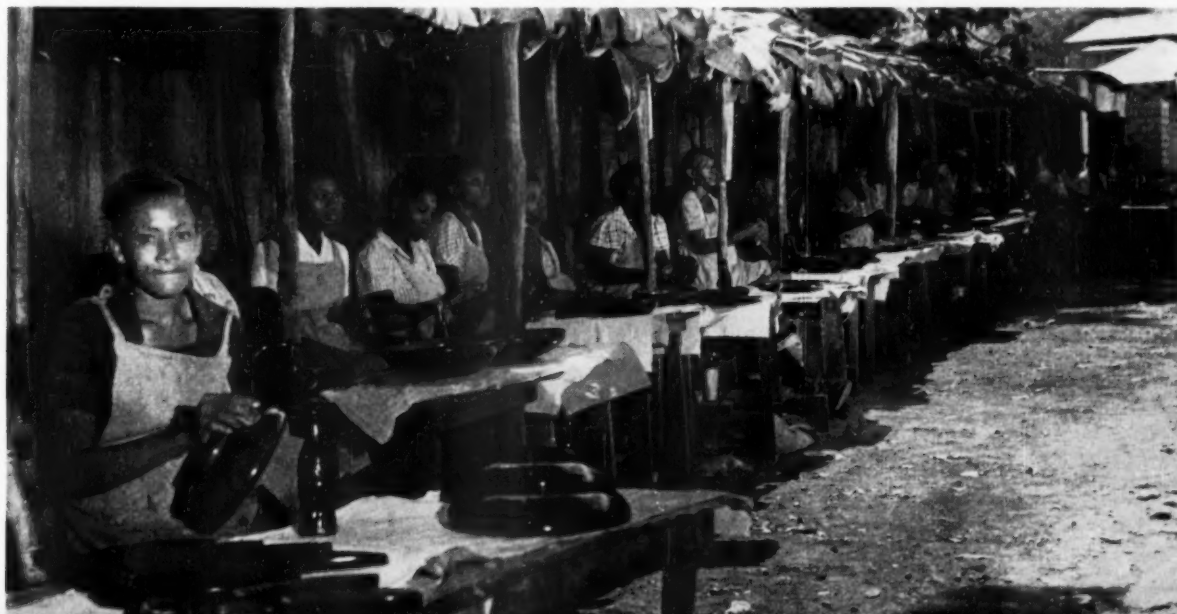


In scraping operation that precedes smoothing and rounding, mahogany worker goes over bowl with small knife. Sometimes pieces of broken glass are used to smooth out rough places



Half-finished relish dish. Haitian uses steel wool at this stage to give satin-smooth finish to wood before stain, lacquer, and polish are applied

Women perform the tedious job of rubbing in the many coats of lacquer that give bowls beautiful gloss



WHODUNITS IN SPANISH

(Continued from page 16)

Elvira Bermúdez' subtle psychology in "*Muerte a la Zaga* [Death Behind]" and "*Precisamente ante sus Ojos* [Right Before the Eyes]," a Mexican descendant of "The Purloined Letter"; Rafael Bernal's irony in *Tres Novelas Policiacas*; the cinematographic sense of Adalberto Elias González in "*Una Orquídea en la Arena* [An Orchid in the Sand]"; and Antonio Helú's taste for induction in "*Las Tres Bolas de Billar* [The Three Billiard Balls]," *El Crimen de Insurgentes*, and other works.

In number and quality of mystery editions, Buenos Aires occupies first place, with such popular and widely distributed collections as Editorial Molina Argentina's Gold Library, which has been published in three different formats; the Colección Rastros, of Editorial Acme; the Yellow Series of Editorial Poseidón's Colección Pandora; "El Club del Misterio"; most of the Red Series of Espasa-Calpe Argentina's "Colección Austral"; the Mystery and Crime Series of the Colección Pingüino published by Editorial Lautaro, the Spanish version of the famous English books; and others of lesser importance. Especially high quality is maintained by the Librería Hachette collections—the Orange Series of its Pocket Library, "*Evasión* [Escape]," and so on—and the enticingly titled "*El Séptimo Círculo* [The Seventh Circle]" collection published by Emecé and edited by Jorge Luis Borges and Adolfo Bioy Casares. Among the Chilean collections, the most important is undoubtedly the Scarlet Series of the Zig-Zag "La Linterna" collection.

As for short stories, the best detective magazine, between 1946 and its demise in 1953, was the Mexican *Selecciones Policiacas y de Misterio*. From Buenos Aires comes *Pistas*, and from Santiago, the Spanish edition of *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, a straight translation of the U.S. original. Argentina and Chile have produced the best anthologies. Emecé published two excellent ones in 1943 and 1953 under the title *Los Mejores Cuentos Policiales* (The Best Detective Stories), compiled by Borges and Bioy Casares. Another important anthology, *Diez Cuentos Policiales Argentinos* (Ten Argentine Detective Stories), selected by Rodolfo J. Walsh, was published last year in Hachette's *Evasión* collection. Zig-Zag published in 1951 *Los Mejores Cuentos Policiales de Todos los Tiempos* (The Best Detective Stories of All Time), edited by José M. Navasal.

The Mexican and Argentine movie industries have incorporated the detective story into their repertoire, but for the most part foreign works are filmed. A favorite author is Cornell Woolrich. One of his stories was made into a movie by the Mexican director Juan Bustillo Oro; his *If I Should Die Before I Wake* was made into another excellent picture in Buenos Aires by the Spanish dramatist Alejandro Casona. There is also a recent Argentine movie version of *The Beast Must Die*, by the English writer Nicholas Blake (the poet C. Day Lewis). The Mexican Antonio Helú, with the collaboration of A. Fernández Bustamante, made a three-act play of his *El Crimen de Insurgentes* that opened in Mexico City in August 1935.

Some Spanish American authors have transcended language boundaries and won comment abroad or translation into English and French. *Publishers' Weekly* described *Con la Guadaña al Hombro*, Ameltax Mayfer's first novel, as "extraordinary," and *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* has published a translation of a story by Antonio Helú. But it would not be easy to translate such excellent works as *Seis Problemas para Don Isidro Parodi* or the Mexican dramatist Rodolfo Usigli's *Ensayo de un Crimen* (Attempt at a Crime), whose greatest attraction lies in their skillful use of the local scene and speech. More practicable would be the translation of novels like Peyrou's *El Estruendo de las Rosas*, Alonso's *La Vuelta de Oscar Wilde*, or Eisen's *Tres Negativos para un Retrato*, and stories like those in Walsh's *Variaciones en Rojo* or Mayfer's *El Asesino Está en la Cárcel*, in which the treatment is less restricted, more universal. It may fairly be said—though without attempting to fix a pattern—that in general Spanish American writers show a

Cover illustration from author's book on mystery-story trends, *En Torno a la Novela Detectivesca*





Novel in Séptimo Círculo series is *British The Stoat*, translated. Most whodunits published in Spanish America are translations

marked preference for a humorous variety of private investigator, bordering at times on caricature, and that while they do not scorn painstaking induction based on the examination of evidence, they favor the intuitive detective who arrives at the truth by the psychological or emotional rather than the purely logical route. Perhaps contrary to expectations, they hardly touch on political passion. There is nothing like Dashiell Hammett's *Red Harvest* or *The Glass Key* in Spanish America, nor are there such brutal and unliterary novels of sex and violence as the abominable stories of Mickey Spillane, which have been translated into our language by a publishing house in Spain.

Both in northern and in southern Spanish America, a number of authors have attempted, as Novás Calvo points out, to "put [the novel] back on the track guided in part by what has been preserved of the novel in the detective story. There are fine examples of reorientation in the U.S. novel, where the detective and the nondetective elements are joined—not by the labored intellectual isthmus proposed by Alfonso Reyes, but by that of the plot rich in human drama and document that impressed Gide in the novels of Dashiell Hammett." Perhaps the best Argentine example of this new kind of psychological novel influenced by the detective story is Ernesto Sábato's *El Túnel* (The Tunnel). Mexico has produced a successful accomplishment in Usigli's *Ensayo de un Crimen*.

Very few people seem aware of the existence of this excellent novel. So well documented an authority as Professor Manuel Pedro González does not mention it in his *Trayectoria de la Novela en México* (Course of the Novel in Mexico, 1951), although he devotes a brief paragraph to Mexican detective fiction; José Luis Martínez merely lists the bibliographical data on it in the second part of his *Literatura Mexicana Siglo XX* (1950). The journalist and short-story writer Rafael Solana, who has also made excursions into detective territory in "*El Crimen de Tres Bandas* [The Crime of Three Sashes]," commented on it briefly in the April 1945 issue of the magazine *El Hijo Pródigo*, harmoniously blending fact and error. *Ensayo de un Crimen* is a successful attempt to return vitality and interest to the novel by taking advantage of the resources peculiar to the detective story. The protagonist, Roberto de la Cruz, is a psychopath

along the lines of Raskolnikov and O'Flaherty's *The Assassin*, but also influenced in conception by Dorothy L. Sayers and James M. Cain. He believes he can fulfill his destiny by committing a perfect crime. The trauma responsible for this criminal psychosis is revealed to us in the first pages. This character moves in an authentic setting described with absolute fidelity and meets live human beings plucked by Usigli from everyday Mexico with a merciless and bitter realism that Solana prefers—and not without reason—to call calumny. Perhaps the silence that envelops the novel constitutes tacit condemnation by men and by a society that feel themselves stripped bare in it. The narrative, swift and direct, has much of journalism about it and contains flavorful examples of popular speech. The whole work is saturated with a bitter, disenchanted humor that does not coagulate into moralizing or into any philosophical thesis, but that resembles certain attitudes of Sartre's existentialism. Usigli's achievement is primarily that he has skillfully mixed the ingredients that poison the contemporary novel and the reality brutally revealed in the crime, so that neither element can offend and together they entertain. This gives back to the novel form its lost vitality, presents us again with man struggling against circumstance to realize his destiny.

Usigli's work, however, does not escape the negativism that encumbers so many contemporary writers. In form, *Ensayo de un Crimen* marks an intelligent use of the discoveries of the detective story; it is to be hoped that they will help other writers, and Usigli himself, to restore not only the novel's power to please but also its capacity for infusing a higher and more optimistic outlook on life. But the resources of detective fiction alone cannot do this. Men of Spanish America, as of the whole planet, must first conquer the fear of death and through universal peace renew their faith in life. ♦ ♦ ♦

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a word with

FAY CROCKER

SIXTEEN of the biggest names in women's professional golf were featured as participants in the four-day National Capital Open Golf Championship, played in Washington for the benefit of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. Among them was Fay Crocker of Uruguay.

During her stay Miss Crocker maintained a gruesome schedule even outside of golfing hours, what with a round of television and radio appearances and social activities. But she promised to save some time on the day Ambassador José A. Mora of Uruguay entertained in her honor. Simply but attractively dressed in a dark green suit, with a leather handbag slung over her shoulder, she seemed absolutely relaxed, and her gay and friendly manner would put anyone at ease. Within a few minutes she made me feel I was an old and cherished friend.

"Naturally, I'm curious about your English name," I told her.

She laughed. "That's the obvious question, of course. Like my father, I was born in Montevideo, but your U.S. readers will be interested to know that my mother came from New York and my great-grandfather, Fred Crocker, was a whaler off the island of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. He was also a lieutenant commander in the U.S. Navy during the Civil War. I'm especially proud of him because he was decorated for gallantry in action at Sabine Pass, Texas, by the President of the United States."

Miss Crocker spoke in fluent English, tinged with a slight British accent. Occasionally during the interview she would lapse slyly into flawless Spanish.

"How long have you been playing golf?"

"Since the tender age of six. This was my father's doing—he has won the Uruguayan Men's Championship twenty-seven times. You might say golf runs in the family. Mother won the Uruguayan National Women's Championship six times only—but then she was busy

bringing up six children."

Fay herself, under her father's tutelage, carried off the Uruguayan National Women's Championship when she was only fifteen. Later she played frequently in neighboring Argentina, winning the Argentine National Women's Championship fourteen times out of eighteen tries. In 1939 she played for the first time in the United States in the National Amateur Tournament at Darien, Connecticut, and lost to Betty Hicks of California in the third round, nineteenth hole. In 1950 she entered the U.S. National Amateur in Atlanta, Georgia, losing to Mae Murray on the twenty-seventh hole, thereby setting a record for length of match. Bobby Jones called it "the greatest match I've ever seen played by man or woman."

"Do you notice any difference between playing at home and in this country?"

"A new course always takes a certain amount of adjustment, but that's a challenge I enjoy. One thing, there's a definite change of pace here. In Uruguay we relax more during and between tournaments."

"How do the U.S. clubs and golfers strike you?"

"Splendid. I have no words to praise the excellent facilities for golfing in this country. No wonder it has some of the best golfing in the world."

"What about men golfers? Do you play much with them?"

"Oh, yes. Bobby Jones is my idea of the perfect golfer. In 1945 when he came to Montevideo on business, I had an opportunity to play with him. And I shot the best golf in my life—a 69 on a par 73 course."

"When did you turn professional and why, Miss Crocker?"

"Last January. I thought then that pro golfing tours would be exciting—and I have found out since that they certainly are."

"I understand you won the Uruguayan Women's Tennis Championship twice. Any other favorite sports?"

"I'm crazy about motoring. Whenever I have a golf tournament, I try to go by car. I've driven more than nine thousand miles, and a lot of it has been in the United States. Of course I can't help being sold on the idea of any kind of sport for relaxation. I know many people who actually feel less tired after a game of golf following a tough day in the office than when they teed off."

Just then the drinks were passed, and Miss Crocker chose a fruit juice, ignoring the excellent champagne. I was about to inquire whether this was from preference or for training reasons when she was surrounded by a group of people, eager to greet the guest of honor.

When the five-thousand-dollar tournament wound up on the long, windswept course of the Prince Georges County Golf and Country Club, Miss Crocker carried off fourth prize with a score of 307 strokes. (Top winner, with 299 strokes, was Mrs. Mildred "Babe" Zaharias, former British and American Amateur Champion.) The smooth-swinging Uruguayan's best single shot was a long drive that stopped two inches from a hole in one.

—Charles Sáenz-Peña

oas

FOTO FLASHES



Dr. Antonio A. Facio, Costa Rican Ambassador to the United States and OAS, recently deposited his country's instrument of ratification of the convention on political asylum at the Pan American Union. Fourteen Hemisphere nations have now done so. At the same time, he signed the conventions on diplomatic asylum, territorial asylum, and the development of inter-American cultural relations, which were drawn up at the Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas last March. Seated with the Ambassador are Dr. Jorge Hazera, Chairman of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council and Counselor of the Costa Rican Embassy in Washington (left), and OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras. Standing (from left): OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger; Major Enrique Martén of Costa Rica; and Dr. Manuel Canyes of the PAU law and treaties division.



After graduating from the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, two Ecuadorian midshipmen—Julio César Andrade (left) and Enrique Armando García—showed their diplomas to Commander Guillermo Ordóñez, Naval Attaché of the Embassy of Ecuador in Washington. The trio is standing in front of a statue of the Shawnee Indian chief Tecumseh, the figurehead of the U.S.S. *Delaware*, considered by the midshipmen as a symbol of good luck or 2.5, the minimum grade necessary to pass Academy courses. Like their classmates from other Latin American countries, the Ecuadoreans were appointed to Annapolis by their government under an international agreement approved by an act of the U.S. Congress in 1941.



During the balloting in the OAS Council, when Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile was elected Secretary General of the Organization of American States, votes were counted by Ambassador José R. Chiriboga of Ecuador, Vice Chairman of the OAS Council (standing, center), and OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico (standing, right). The retiring Secretary General, Alberto Lleras (left, leaning), tabulated the count. Following the proceedings were Council members including (from left, seated) Dr. Alfredo Chocano, Alternate Representative of Guatemala, who is also Counselor of his country's Washington embassy; Dr. Luis María Ramírez Boettner, Alternate Representative of Paraguay, who is also Minister Counselor of the Paraguayan Embassy in Washington; and Dr. Martín Ayala Aguerrevere, Interim Representative of Venezuela.



The OAS Council gave a farewell party for Secretary General Alberto Lleras (second from right), who has resigned from his post to return to his native Colombia, where he will become Rector of the University of the Andes in Bogotá. Going through the receiving line are Dr. César Tulio Delgado (left), Colombian Ambassador to the OAS, and Mrs. Delgado. Shaking hands with Dr. Lleras and Ambassador José R. Chiriboga of Ecuador is Mrs. Rafael Heliodoro Valle, wife of the Ambassador of Honduras to the United States and OAS.

In a ceremony at the Cuban Embassy in Washington, Ambassador Aurelio F. Conchoso fastened the Carlos Finlay Award around the neck of U.S. Army General Walter Reed, retired, while Dr. Félix Hurtado, Attaché with the Cuban delegation to the OAS, looked on. The award honors U.S. nationals who played a part in the yellow-fever campaign in Cuba at the turn of the century. Since they are no longer living, it was presented to their nearest of kin, and General Reed accepted it on behalf of his father, the famous doctor. The decoration is named for Dr. Carlos Finlay, whose discovery that the mosquito carries yellow fever made it possible to control the disease.



THEY CALL IT JAZZ

(Continued from page 12)

Cootie Williams, Bobby Hackett, and Muggsy Spanier. The pianists, Thomas ("Fats") Waller, Count Basie, Jelly Roll Morton, and the two foremost present-day exponents of ragtime piano, Ralph Sutton and Wally Rose. The drums, Gene Krupa and Baby Dodds. The trombone, George Brunis, Jack Teagarden, and Turk Murphy. The clarinet, Benny Goodman and Pee Wee Russell. The saxophone, Johnny Hodges and Frank Trumbauer.

Among composers there is W. C. Handy, whose compositions number *Memphis Blues*, the first of all the blues; *Beale Street Blues*; *Aunt Hagar's Blues*, which Darius Milhaud used in his composition *Creation of the World*; and *St. Louis Blues*, which has gone into more than five hundred different recordings, and for which Milhaud said he would trade his whole work. Jelly Roll Morton wrote *The Pearls*, *The Chant*, *Mr. Jelly Lord*; King Oliver, *Dip-*

permouth Blues, *Snag It*; Clarence Williams, *Royal Garden Blues*; Spencer Williams, *Basin Street Blues*. Fats Waller composed more than five hundred tunes, notable among which are *Jitterbug Waltz*, *The Minor Drag*, *Clothesline Ballet*, and *Alligator Crawl*. Duke Ellington is the composer of such wonderful jazz music as *Prelude to a Kiss*, *Drop Me Off at Harlem*, *Echoes of Harlem*, and *Across the Tracks Blues*.

Foremost among arrangers, most jazzophiles will agree with their closest approach to unanimity, are Fletcher Henderson and Don Redman.



Gene Krupa, universally recognized as one of the greatest drummers of all time. Glenn Miller taught him to read music

Guitar-player Albert E. "Eddie" Condon is leading jazz impresario in New York. He operates night club in Greenwich Village



Trumpet man Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong is synonymous with jazz. He got his start playing on riverboats out of New Orleans

Any list such as this is highly personal, presumptuous, prejudiced, inadequate, and unlettered; this one certainly no less, and quite possibly much more, than any other.

While jazz has found its musical scores wherever they were to be found, some of the most satisfying music has been based on compositions written by jazz musicians to bring out the special talents of the musicians in a given band. The popular tune *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me*, by Ellington, was originally titled *Concerto for Cootie*, and Ellington wrote it to show off the solo trumpet of Cootie Williams. Ellington's *Indigo Echoes* and *Lightnin'* display the same felicitous combination of music and musicians. Benny Goodman's music is at his best in his own *Slipped Disc* and *A Smo-o-o-oth One*.

The same practice has been followed time after time by one after another jazz composer or conductor. Popular tunes like *Sweet Lorraine*, *Margie*, *On the Sunny Side of the Street*, *China Boy*, and *Limehouse Blues* have proved naturals for jazz playing. It is a revelation in jazz, nevertheless, to hear jazz musicians improvising on jazz music written especially for them. Even in such a modern jazz band as Turk Murphy's in San Francisco, growing its own roots in western soil, much of the most notable music comes from Murphy's own compositions like *Minstrels of Annie Street* and *Five Aces*.

There are many favorite tunes of jazz musicians with-

Willie "Bunk" Johnson played the cornet in Buddy Bolden's band of 1895, when jazz began to be used for social dancing in New Orleans





Benny Goodman's clarinet is the most famous in the world. Some purists find fault with his swing arrangements, frown on his playing classics with Budapest String Quartet, symphony orchestras

out which jazz could hardly be executed, or at the best would be tongue-tied. *Muskrat Ramble*, *That Da Da Strain*, *Cake-Walking Babies*, *Frankie and Johnnie*, *Milneburg Joys*, *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*, *Tin Roof Blues*, and *Squeeze Me* must be thus accounted.

Purists and impurists among jazzophiles are locked in a Hundred Years' War. The purist camp will have no truck with the saxophone heresy, which was committed in Chicago after the pilgrimage from Storyville. To the impurist, the saxophone is a notable addition to the sound of jazz.

The purist will have nothing to do with big bands, where merely as a traffic problem improvising is hardly to be tolerated. A still more special disfavor is applied to the "slick" band, large or small—"slick" meaning a slavish adherence to skillfully premeditated music. Benny Goodman's incomparable clarinet, even in the small combination, is accordingly assigned to the limbo of jazz. There are indeed purists so pure that Fats Waller is anathema. Waller is criticized by some ultra-ultras as leaning toward the "slick" and "commercial"—two of the dirtiest words in the vocabulary of jazz.

The purists begin drawing deserters from the impurists' ranks when "classical jazz" is mentioned. George Gershwin was the chief apostle of classical jazz, with *Rhapsody in Blue*, *An American in Paris*, and *Concerto in F*. Paul Whiteman was his prophet. Purists and some impurists alike damn Gershwin for trying, as they maintain, to intellectualize emotions. Whiteman, for his part, was a "commercial," or financially successful, band leader, while few if any real jazz musicians have been financial successes—as jazz musicians. Many have worked on the docks or driven trucks for the privilege of playing jazz on the side. Musicians like Beiderbecke and Bunny Berigan broke their hearts against the demands of commercial success.

Unbusinesslike as jazz has been, it has nevertheless followed an unhappy business cycle. Boom and bust have been its fate. Genuine jazz musicians have earned the boom. Their success has then been appropriated by commercially minded composers, band leaders, and instrumentalists, whose imitations have quickly jaded the audience.

The present reign is a recrudescence of Dixieland, a white jazz imitative of Negro jazz and first played in New Orleans about 1885. While Dixieland is not notice-

ably different from any other jazz, its ascendancy—coming at the same time as a revolution in the phonograph record business—has proved a boon to jazz-lovers. Many fine jazz records that had for years been collectors' items have now been reissued on the new 45 and 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ revolutions-per-minute microgroove records.

Three twelve-inch albums of each of three top jazz artists—Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, and Bessie Smith—have been issued by Columbia. They contain such collectors' items as Armstrong's *West End Blues*, Beiderbecke's *Margie*, which had previously been issued only in England, and Bessie Smith's justly celebrated *Empty Bed Blues*.

Victor has reissued on microgroove several albums of Fats Waller, including one of Waller on the pipe organ, and Riverside has produced an album of Waller piano rolls as well as previously unissued albums of Waller on the piano and the organ. Even such historic records as King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band playing *Dippermouth Blues* on the old Gennett label—exceptionally rare because all the Gennett matrixes, from which individual



Duke Ellington (left), who fits his compositions to the men who will play them, pauses with some friends: Ray Brown, Woody Herman, Ella Fitzgerald (Loch Lomond), June Christy, Billy Eckstine

records are produced, are lost—is available by second-hand reproduction on Folkways Records, along with others equally famous and rare.

More recently, Radio Corporation of America, which produces Victor Records, has started bringing out a line of "Label X" records of hitherto rare jazz classics: the Original Dixieland Jass Band, the first of all the jazz bands; Johnny Dodds' Washboard Band; and Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers among them. With all these treasures readily accessible and with bands like Eddie Condon's, Muggsy Spanier's, Count Basie's, and Turk Murphy's dispensing live jazz, the jazzophile can truthfully say that while the Golden Age of his particular kind of music may be situated at some distance in the past, he personally has never had it so good. ♦ ♦ ♦

points of view



TO A MOSQUITO

IN AN ARTICLE appearing in *Criterio*, a fortnightly magazine published in Buenos Aires, Monsignor Gustavo J. Franceschi, co-director of the publication, writes in what is editorially noted as a departure from his customary style. In his apparently facetious remarks to a nocturnal nuisance, he touches on some of the more fundamental problems of life:

"Mosquito: It's impossible for me to address you as 'dear' or 'esteemed' because such words would lack sincerity. You came at a bad time, on a hot, sticky night. . . . I had turned over and over in bed, heard the clock in the nearby tower strike every hour, and tried every conceivable means to woo Morpheus. I was just about to fall asleep. Then I heard an indistinct buzzing that I thought for a minute might be an automobile . . . even at such an unreasonable hour. But very soon I found out it was you. And your presence is quite disagreeable. . . ."

"To truly love you I'd have to be Saint Francis of Assisi, who . . . converted the wolf of Gubbio and other . . . animals. Perhaps he would have persuaded you not to bite, or even not to buzz. I can't love you because I lack such heroic virtue. I don't credit you with any conscious malice. You don't

produce that dull, prolonged sound that announces your proximity just to annoy me and deprive me of the sleep I need so badly. . . . You're just a part of Nature, which has rebelled against man ever since he committed the original sin. Just before getting in bed, I dropped a key. As if only to annoy me, it went behind the bed, and I had to get down on all fours to retrieve it. You, too, are a part of that hostile group that constantly reminds me of inherited weakness. You awaken a feeling of guilt in me. But in reality you only want to jab your stinger into me because you need nourishment. Instinctively, you seek out my flesh, unaware of the impatience you arouse in me. . . ."

"But with that propensity we men have for crediting all lower forms of life with human characteristics, we suppose that you, mosquito, have a mind and a will. Then there arises not love, as with St. Francis, but resentment and even hatred. Since you won't let me sleep, at least let me think about that point for a while."

"It is curious but logical that your buzzing, rather than your sting, exasperates us most. As far as I know, you're unlike any other creature in this respect. The bull doesn't bellow when he's about to gore a man, and the tiger and the wolf attack in silence. But you seem to put your intended victim on

guard and challenge him: 'Let's see who can win, you or I.' You buzz around, approach and withdraw, light for a second. Everything becomes quiet. Then you take flight again and brush the cheek of the man who is listening so intently. At what he considers the opportune moment, he gives a slap, with the intention of annihilating you. He misses. In his mind he refers to you in terms that are less than loving. Again he lies in wait, casting aside all thought of sleep because he knows that you're not easily discouraged. And the struggle drags on—he always in silence, and you sounding your trumpet of war. Little by little, exasperation overcomes your victim, who finally resolves to change his tactics and let himself be stung just so he can get some sleep. But when you dig in with your stinger and are comfortably settled, a new solution—practical and vengeful—occurs to him. Very slowly he raises his hand and swats you. Sometimes he misses, and you start buzzing again. Sometimes he succeeds, then smugly lies back on his pillow. . . . though a few minutes later another mosquito . . . may take your place.

"And even more annoying than the sonorous vibration of your wings is the disparity in the size of the adversaries. I have the power of reason and weigh about 175 pounds. And you? You have only instinct, and there is no scale sensitive enough to weigh you. . . . This seems unjust. . . . But my mind takes another tack, and I think of the even greater disproportion between God and man; by sinning man violates His rights. Ah, mosquito, . . . you make me recognize my status as a fallen creature. You're not the only one to buzz insolently. Your attitude, as I ponder it in the middle of a sleepless night, causes me to . . . repeat humbly, 'I confess myself a sinner.' . . ."

"I can't sleep, but there are so many others who aren't sleeping tonight! There are mothers, children, husbands, and wives who spend a watchful night next to sickbeds, and the sick themselves—the feverish, those bent double with pain, those who are alone. Moreover, there are some with no roof over their heads, others who can't pay their debts or feed their children, women who wait in vain for their pleasure-

seeking husbands. . . . those who know the bitterness of dead hope or shattered illusions. . . . Dear God, how little one can sleep peacefully and quietly without either torturous memory of yesterday or fear of the unknown tomorrow! And you, mosquito, by keeping me awake, make me feel a brother to all those miserable beings—I who complain only because you're buzzing around in my bedroom. Wouldn't it be good for me, in order to awaken my somewhat dulled understanding of my fellow men, to suffer for a short while as others do for long, drawn-out months?

"To tell the truth, we preach a lot about brotherly love, but we practice it very little in the comings and goings of daily living. It's . . . logical for us to think about ourselves infinitely more than about others, to be more concerned with our own problems than with theirs. We aren't inclined to feel that far-removed ills have anything to do with us personally. What does it matter to me if there are mosquitoes in someone else's bedroom if there are none in mine? We need to experience an annoying sting in our own flesh before we can think about the suffering of the bodies or souls of those we call our brothers.

"Now you see, mosquito, you aren't completely useless to me, since you cause me to reflect on problems that are the very basis of life. . . . You serve, though involuntarily I know, to awaken in me some humanitarian ideas. . . . To be overwhelmed by drowsiness and not able to sleep! . . . The truth is, mosquito, that you make me suffer. In view of that irresistible urge to credit human qualities to irrational beings, I was quite angry at first, and it wasn't easy for me to calm down. For some minutes I thought of you . . . as a malignant, perverse sadist who enjoyed depriving me of much-needed rest. Then there came to mind the name of Regulus, the Roman general, who was so faithful to his promise to his Carthaginian captors that he returned to prison after having advised his fellow countrymen not to surrender. He was put to death by the horrible torture of being deprived of sleep altogether. And I wanted to avenge myself if I could only nab you.

"You've made me understand, mos-

quito, that, if Christian spirit is lacking, revenge is sweet and puts no limits to its excesses. The ancients described it as 'a pleasure of the gods.' Last year I saw in a museum showcase in Madras, India, a series of statuettes . . . representing the tortures used—I hope only in the past—in China. Some of them were enough to make one's hair stand on end and must have been conceived by demoniacal minds. Believe me, mosquito, the man whom you madden would like to capture you, tear you apart wing from wing, cut off your stinger, put you on the end of a pin—who knows what more! He would want not only to reduce you to nothing, but to do it in such a way that, on seeing such punishment, all your fellow mosquitoes would take warning. I've often read in history of the outrages committed by one people against another, when there was no Christian feeling. . . . Romans threw their prisoners into the lion pits. Turks murdered women and children during the war of liberation from Greece. . . . More recently there have been concentration camps, atomic bombs, and atrocious reprisals. These are the fruits of hatred, which, unfortunately, is more natural to men than love. And you, mosquito, arouse similar emotions in me, a person in whom daily Christian practices should have cultivated equanimity. You put me face to face with all that inner discord, with a rebellious impulse. Paganism has been quelled in me, but I confess that it's always quick to reappear. Because of you, mosquito, I must re-study the proverb 'Know thyself.' You've given me a lesson in humility.

". . . This is worse than not sleeping; it is staying awake. It isn't negative, but positive. I light the lamp and pick up a book. Suddenly you're quiet, for you're a nocturnal creature. The letters dance before my eyes, so reddened by lack of sleep. . . . I'm not being fair to the author, a literary figure of great worth, since I'm using his work as a simple sedative. . . . I shouldn't have put such a book . . . on my night table to leaf through between nods and yawns. . . . It's a sad fate for men to . . . create a magnificent work and, after all is said and done, have it used as a barbiturate. I wonder what will become of my own writings? . . . As for the problem at hand, I can't go

on hanging between the fear of again hearing your buzz if I turn out the light and the pain that clutches at my temples if I keep it on. . . .

". . . Dawn's first light shines through the window. Goodbye, mosquito! Remember Stern's word to one of your kind: 'In this world there is room for both of us without our annoying each other.' Go now, for another day is dawning. I'm right in defending myself against you because I must sleep in order to carry on my work. But now I don't hate you, because you've helped me, by making me search the innermost depths of my soul. May God in some way give you the food you need. . . ."

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

BRAZILIAN POET and humorist Carlos Drummond de Andrade offers some choice definitions for a "Dictionary of Cariocan Literature." The piece appeared in the well-known daily *O Estado de São Paulo*, but apparently the author limits its application to Rio de Janeiro:

"Academy—Institution awarding prizes of four thousand cruzeiros, subject to markdown; for this reason should not be criticized, nor is it good taste to praise it publicly.

"Academician—Word designating a recognized writer and implying bad style.

"Admiration—Phenomenon as typical of adolescence as pimples and change of voice; disappears suddenly or changes into self-admiration.

"Animal—All living creatures, except cats and dogs, who are insensitive to our talents or exaggerate their own.

"Anthology (modern)—Means of mass transportation for new writers in a hurry to achieve fame.

"Association (of writers)—Group for or against something not connected with writers at all.

"Attack—Explosive way of achieving recognition, and even respect, when artfully employed.

"Bar—Place where talented people keep their talent and untalented people acquire it so long as they don't utter a word.

"Binding—Artistic cover intended to call guests' attention to books we haven't read yet.

"Café—Mythological place where writers used to meet to read aloud their works and resignedly listen to those of others.

"Centenary—Length of time necessary for our contemporaries to realize that they are making history.

"Colophon—Inscription on the last page of certain works to assure the reader that everything has its limits.

"Contest (literary or artistic)—Act of three judges choosing an image of themselves, particularly with respect to faults.

"Copyright—Right of an author to finance the publishing of his own books.

"Cover—Part of the book meant to be read.

"Criticism—Art of either not judging at all or misjudging, depending on individual choice.

"Dedication—Promissory note of undetermined value that will cause the debtor no inconvenience if not redeemed.

"Diary—Book or notebook of at least two hundred pages, containing well-kept secrets intended for publication.

"Ecological—Referring to a novel that has more earthiness than style. Variation: *telluric*.

"Ex-libris—Artificial means by which the owner of a book becomes co-author by collaborating in a single page.

"Existentialist—Studiously unkempt teen-age girl, with or without bangs, who cultivates an Electra complex in bars and night clubs; on her bedside table are works by Heidegger, Jean Marais, Sartre, and Prevert-Kosma.

"Fiftieth Anniversary—Glory on the credit plan.

"File Card—Specialist's secret weapon.

"Files—Collection of cards to be used in the future to prove what we ourselves don't believe.

"Genius—Exaggerated distinction conferred on our latest discovery; good for seven days.

"Generation—Possession of talent on a collective and rotating basis; some individuals even change generations.

"Glory—Giving autographs during a lecture or art exhibit when you are neither the lecturer nor the painter.

"Lecture—Function where late arrival and early departure cause irritation and envy, respectively, on the part of the lecturer.

"Lecturer—Person who, although bored by talking to an audience, seems to derive pleasure from boring others.

"Letter—Means of communication that has gone out of style because of its awkwardness; if it contained praise, the addressee either made it public or registered it with the Recorder of Deeds in order to vex the sender."

THE COCKTAIL STORY

DID YOU EVER wonder as you sipped a mixed drink where your host got the recipe for such a concoction? Was it just the product of a frenzied state of mind or a deliberate attempt at ingenuity? In the monthly magazine *Nuestra Guatemala*, we came across the following account of the accidental origin of mixed drinks. To the best of our knowledge, the story comes from Argentina, but cocktails are cocktails, no matter where you are:

"... Once upon a time—a likely beginning for such a story—there was a tavern owner who had an amazingly beautiful daughter whom all the young men wanted to marry. . . . They came from distant places, drawn by the fame of her charm and virtue. The father wasn't so anxious for her to marry, and he repeatedly refused his permission for a wedding. Among the suitors was a handsome, daring young cowboy, whom the girl quite obviously admired.

"The tavern keeper had a fine collection of pure-bred chickens and roosters of which he was very proud. One day, much to his surprise and displeasure, he discovered that the chickens had mysteriously disappeared from the coop. It was inexplicable, since there was a watchdog guarding them all night. One morning he lost his patience completely when he discovered that his finest rooster was also missing, and then and there he solemnly promised that whoever found the thief could marry his daughter. The cowboy heard this and immediately vowed that he would be the one. After a great deal of thought, he arrived at the conclusion that the dog must have known the thief, since he hadn't barked. Then he recalled that one of the hired hands had

recently been fired for amorously eyeing the tavern keeper's daughter. . . . His suspicions aroused, he found out where this man lived and went to his cabin. Peeking through the window, he saw that the rooster had been killed and was about to be cooked. The long, beautiful tail feathers were hanging on a nail on the wall. First he lassoed the plumes and put them in his pocket. Then he caught the thief, tied him up, put him on his horse, and went to the old man's tavern. . . .

"Here is your thief and here is the cock's tail as proof."

"The tavern keeper was overjoyed to find out who had stolen his chickens and rooster. He agreed to keep his promise and called his daughter to mix a drink for the honored guest. . . .

"What'll you have, Father?" asked the girl.

"Whiskey and soda," replied the old man, being very fond of highballs.

"When she realized that all her dreams were really coming true, the girl was so excited that instead of taking the bottle of whiskey, she got gin and vermouth and mixed them with ice. The delightful and unusual taste of the drink pleased everyone, and the glasses were emptied with astonishing speed. . . .

"When the father asked how the drink had been mixed, the trembling girl showed him the two bottles. . . .

"It's a fine combination," he told her, "and I think we've made a wonderful discovery."

"From that mistake came the now famous cocktail. The variations are endless, and by mixing different beverages, we get really wonderful combinations. Many cocktails have movie stars' names. When 'America's sweetheart' was adored throughout the world, the 'Mary Pickford' cocktail was invented. The 'President' and the Cuban 'Daiquiri' are delicious, and the effects of the Mexican 'Dawn of Love' are, to say the least, explosive. . . .

"It has been said—and rightly so—that really extraordinary things often have apparently insignificant beginnings. Cocktails have solved many a problem for housewives who mix them well and serve them to their guests. . . . Nevertheless, there are few who drink them who know the origin of the delightful mixtures."

BREEDING THE BULLS

(Continued from page 19)

disturbing presence of man.

Any young, particularly adaptable animal may be earmarked as a *cabresto*. It will be tested as a calf or bullock, and, if it shows promise, will be castrated when it is between nine months and two years old (according to the method employed), then trained until, at the age of about two and a half years, it accepts its strange role as man's assistant in his plans for its own cousin's future. Thus when the cowboys ride out to the herds, they move with an obedient and disciplined escort. These oxen are usually the only cattle that live in the vicinity of the hacienda buildings; they are thus in close contact with man, and are consequently docile and manageable.

I have ridden out with the *vaqueros* at Atenco. The five oxen escorts were big, hulking creatures, which seemed about twice as large as the small, compact Atenco bulls that were being separated from the herd. The cowboys showed their dependence on the oxen by addressing all orders to them. During our ride, the air was full of cries of "Bueeey! [Ox]," and the ox addressed usually obeyed adequately and willingly. The oxen all have names, even though they are not always used, whereas the bulls are distinguished from each other by numbers, branded on their flanks at the age of about a year.

In Spain the role of the *cabresto* is taken much more seriously than in Mexico, and the oxen receive as much as two hours' training daily. An old Spanish bullfighting print shows a *vaquero* riding out to the bulls with an ox walking almost regimentally on either side of his horse, like a pair of bodyguards, protecting him by their physical presence from a charge by the bulls. These are called "stirrup oxen."

An invariable feature of the hacienda buildings is the corral used once a year for the so-called *tientas*. The layout is a miniature of the facilities to be found in a full-size bullring, including the *cajones* (dark boxes, from which the animals are released into the ring) and the *embarcadero*, or ramp for loading and unloading animals into and from vehicles.



The *tienta* determines as closely as possible the temperament of the heifers and cows that are to bear the bulls of the future, or of the calves and bullocks of up to two years of age. These tests are very important to the breeder, both in Spain and in America. The modern technique goes back only fifty years or so, but is universally credited with insuring a higher proportion of brave bulls in the ring.

In Mexico *tientas* are usually held in October or November, soon after the end of the wet season, when, owing to the good pasturage of the previous months, the animals should be at their strongest. Nowadays, some breeders prefer to stage their *tientas* in the open country, feeling that the animals are more likely to show their true colors in their normal habitat than if surrounded by a corral fence. The actual testing is traditionally performed by a mounted cowboy, who uses a goad similar to that of the picador in the bullring, though with a much shorter point that draws little if any blood. A recent innovation for *tientas* in the open, which require many horses, is the substitution of jeeps.

Fifty years ago fighting bulls had very little intrinsic value. This is no longer true. Admittedly, the cost of raising a bull to maturity in Mexico is low, for normally the outlay on artificial feeds—or indeed on any nourishment other than what grows naturally in the *potreros*—is infinitesimal. Nevertheless, today the Mexican breeders get something like fifty thousand pesos (about six thousand dollars) for a *corrida*, the six bulls needed for a bullfight. More often than not bulls are flown southward to other American countries, so that a goodly sum of money changes hands for a bull weighing even less than a thousand pounds.

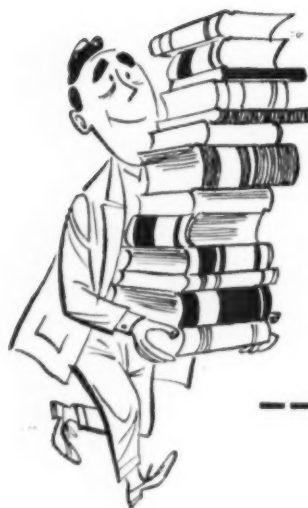
The breeder of pedigreed race horses, dogs, or even utility cattle gets on intimate terms with his animals, learns to understand them and in many cases to command their confidence and affection. Not so the devotee of the "brave bulls." However enthusiastic he may be about an individual animal, he must keep his distance, for obviously the qualities he is trying to develop are not enhanced by friendly overtures. There are cases on record in Spain of animals who performed nobly in the ring and beforehand had shown affection for the men who had raised them, but this is exceptional.

In a sense, then, fighting bulls must be rather unsatisfactory animals from the viewpoint of relationship between man and beast. But only the showplaces like Patejé live exclusively from their sale of fighting animals. Many haciendas, devoted primarily to general farming and ordinary cattle-raising, breed fighting bulls as an incidental hobby, kept alive by the enthusiasm and tenaciousness of the *hacendados*. ♦ ♦ ♦

ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 47

1. No. The Indianapolis Motor Speedway is an enclosed oval track. Cars participating in its annual Memorial Day race are unsuitable for road racing, which has a very limited following in the United States. 2. Cuba. 3. The *muleta* is the cape; the *banderilla*, the barb. 4. Duck and snipe. 5. Panama. 6. *Sortija*. 7. Soccer (*fútbol*). 8. 3,000 (there are no less than 1,000 in Mexico City alone—more than in New York City which is three times its size). 9. Jai-alai. 10. Uruguay.

The kill. In final stage of bullfight, matador prepares to sink his sword at vital point between bull's shoulders



books

TO FREE THE FARMER

TO ANYONE who has seen urban America, it is evident how fast the continent is progressing. The visitor who has stood atop Corcovado and seen evening sweep along the Rio de Janeiro beaches, who has been conscious of Paris while strolling on the Avenida de Mayo in Buenos Aires in the fall, or has stopped for a moment on the Malecón in Havana to breathe the cool Caribbean breeze and look at the Morro Castle, returns home with a vivid impression of civilization on the march. But this is only a backdrop hiding the tremendous reality of rural America. Behind the progressive cities and the picturesque landscapes, the farm worker, who is the very heart of the population of America, lives and labors in the most precarious circumstances. This is the situation Moisés Poblete Troncoso deals with in *La Economía Agraria de América Latina y el Trabajador Campesino* (The Agrarian Economy of Latin America and the Farm Worker).

"The picture of the agricultural worker," says Professor Poblete Troncoso, "is grievous and distressing; he usually lives in the most primitive way, very much as the inhabitants of the 'encomiendas' did in colonial times. He lives in the traditional 'rancho,' 'bohio,' or 'ruca,' made of mud, branches, or rushes with a straw or cattail roof and an earthen floor, consisting of one or two rooms in which the entire family and even outsiders, in addition to the household animals, gather and sleep in utter promiscuity." The farm people are abandoning their lands for the cities, where they hope to find higher wages and more of the comforts of civilization, and Dr. Poblete attributes this movement to their deplorable living and working conditions. This exodus, in turn, is one of the principal reasons for the insufficient production of foodstuffs so tragically affecting most of the people of the world.

In convincing, documented form, substantiated by de-

tailed study of the situation in such countries as Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, and Uruguay, Professor Poblete points out that the economic structure of Latin America has been and still is fundamentally agricultural. In contrast to other regions of the world, the Latin American countries in general are characterized by vast expanses of sparsely populated land. Therefore, the land-worker equation is the point of departure for a study of the agrarian economy of Latin America.

The historical evolution of the continent has produced three patterns of land use: the latifundium, or large estate; the communal farm; and the minifundium, or microscopically small holding. Each has its specific characteristics and problems in the various countries, but those of the latifundium are the most dramatic. In Argentina 85 per cent of the privately owned farms are of more than 1200 acres; in Brazil half the land is divided into properties of more than 2400 acres; in Chile 64 per cent belongs to 750 owners; in Venezuela 40 per cent is in the hands of big owners; in Uruguay sixteen owners control almost half the cultivated surface of the country. Therefore, it is not surprising that agrarian reform—which Professor Poblete describes in detail for a number of countries, from the Agrarian Revolution in Mexico in 1915 to the Agrarian Reform in Guatemala in 1952—has figured prominently in the political campaigns and economic and social movements of the Latin American nations.

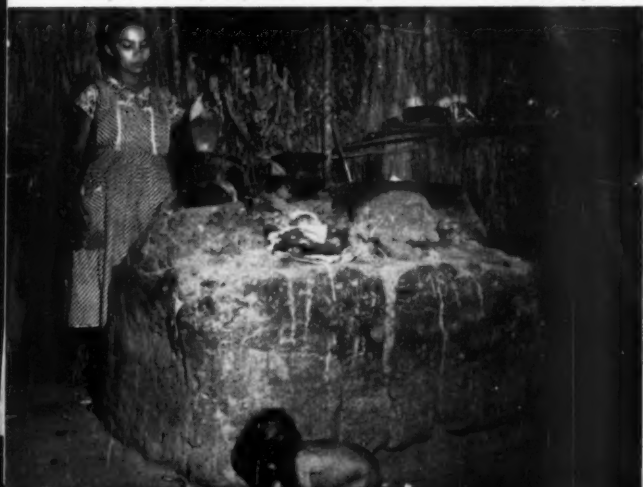
Together with a study of the agrarian structure, it is necessary to consider the other factor of the equation: the conditions under which the agricultural laborer works and lives. "It is extremely interesting," notes Dr. Poblete, "to recall the miserable, depressed situation in which peasants throughout Latin America have lived from the Conquest until the present time." The farm worker was an integral part of the collectivist regime of the Inca Empire and was the basis of the semifeudal Aztec Empire. When the conquerors arrived, he was made into a servant of the *encomienda* under the guise of "protection" of

the natives in the King's name. Independence from the Spanish Crown came at a time when the great mass of the farm population was living and working on a tenant basis. Precisely because agriculture is the principal source of wealth, the revolutionary movement carried along with it the tradition of great landholders, and the peasant became an integral part of the latifundium. "Only now," says Professor Poblete, "is the agricultural worker of Latin America beginning to see the dawn of his emancipation, which began after World War I and has gained further momentum in the years following World War II."

Despite the fact that the farm-labor group constitutes the largest human resource and the best bulwark for the defense of society, it has for the most part neither received from the governments the protection it deserves nor been incorporated into the march of progress and well-being enjoyed by the urban working class. The dangerously low agricultural output of Latin America is powerfully influenced by the farmers' condition, capacity, competence, and training. It is practically impossible for the yield per man to be high when most rural workers are illiterate and lack adequate preparation for their job. In addition, the farm population, which exists in a semicolonial atmosphere of indifference, suffers from widespread malnutrition, has received none of the tremendous assistance social security might afford, and has frequently been corrupted by alcoholism. Any producing population that lives and works under such conditions necessarily counts for nothing in the general volume of consumption and demand and is therefore an obstacle to industrialization. This—somewhat simplified by generalization—is the gloomy picture of the farmer in Spanish America presented by Professor Poblete.

What, then, is the solution to this vast problem that, since the economies of the countries concerned are basically agricultural, affects farmer, industrialist, and merchant alike? From the author's detailed study of the fundamental juridical problems of the farm worker, he concludes that it is "urgently necessary to improve these conditions, in the name of human justice and unity, through an adequate social policy in which legislation considers how the farm worker and his family work and live, as has been done in some countries of Latin America." Drawing on the social policies for protection of the agricultural laborer, lately undertaken in some nations, especially Argentina, Uruguay, Venezuela, and Guate-

Impoverished farm families are major Latin American social problem



mala, the author outlines in general terms what a Statute for Farm Workers in Latin America might consist of.

With this work Dr. Poblete Troncoso adds yet another objective, erudite contribution to the immense service he has rendered in the fields of agrarian policy and labor legislation through his professorship, his work in the courts, his writings, and the Economic and Social Sciences Seminar of the University of Chile Law School. Until now there had been no work published in Latin America devoted exclusively to analyzing the fundamental problems of that great sector of the American population. As happens with any study that examines in detail a single aspect of problems involving complex interrelationships, there will be readers who feel the author has focused attention on some phases at the expense of others equally important. Economically sound operation and efficient administration of an agricultural unit, whether a small plot of land, a family farm, a large estate, or a commercial plantation; credit and capital; mechanization; movement of goods; profits; opportune marketing of products—all are vital factors in studying the economic phases of agriculture. Professor Poblete keeps them all in mind and mentions them in passing, but naturally cannot stop to analyze them. Therefore, perhaps inverting the title—*The Farm Worker and the Agrarian Economy of Latin America*—would have indicated more clearly the relative weight given to the themes.

In any case, with this new work Professor Poblete has laid a cornerstone on which the leaders of America may build. With its help they can dedicate themselves with even greater perseverance to the task of incorporating the farm worker into the protective policy of the government, of reestablishing balance between the various productive groups, of proclaiming a real democracy that will fully embrace the rural areas. This, as the author points out, would bring about an era in which the political freedom won by the American countries more than 125 years ago meant spiritual and economic emancipation for the agricultural worker.—*Armando Samper* *LA ECONOMÍA AGRARIA DE AMÉRICA LATINA Y EL TRABAJADOR CAMPESINO*, by Moisés Poblete Troncoso, Santiago, Chile, Ediciones de la Universidad de Chile, 1953. 314 p.

DEMOCRACY IN MICROCOSM

FOR THOSE ALL too numerous "North Americans" who, it is to be regretted, think that all Latin American countries are alike, that their chief political interest is having a revolution, their chief social interest a bullfight or a fiesta, and their chief cultural interest a procession on a saint's day, Russell H. Fitzgibbon's little volume *Uruguay: Portrait of a Democracy* will come as a delightful surprise. For it tells of a land that is quite unique in the western world, jealous of its democratic traditions, friendly and hospitable, and juristically minded both in its strong sense of the obligations of constitutional law and in its recognition of the need of cooperation with other nations for the development of a world of law and order. "The Switzerland of America," Uruguay has been

called; but the author questions the comparison and prefers the simpler statement that "Uruguay is Uruguay," not quite like any other country.

The description of Uruguay is given in a pleasant friendly style, very much in the manner in which a professor with a sense of humor would give a popular lecture, with scholarly presentation of the facts and with a well-balanced estimate of the various phases of Uruguayan life. (Dr. Fitzgibbon is in fact a professor; he teaches political science at the University of California at Los Angeles.) The history of the country is briefly recorded, then followed by graphic pictures of the political, economic, social, and cultural elements that are the distinctive marks of the country. "Uruguay Comes of Age" tells the story of Artigas and the winning of independence not only from Spain but from Uruguay's two stronger neighbors, Argentina and Brazil. "All Roads Lead to Montevideo" shows the place of the capital in the growth of the state; while "The Purple Land of Uruguay," borrowing the title of Hudson's classic work,



"All roads lead to Montevideo," where a third of the people live, says author of Uruguay: Portrait of a Democracy. Illustration from the book

describes the back country and the smaller towns of the coast and the interior. "The Two Tyrants" explains the part played by cattle and sheep in the economic life of the country; and the chapter is followed by others showing the rivalry between the political and economic interests of the capital and the livestock and agricultural interests of the *campo*. The author's description of the *rancherios* (rural shack towns in which most farm laborers and their families live) in a country otherwise so democratic is indeed difficult to believe.

But it is the chapters dealing with the political life of Uruguay that form perhaps the most interesting part of the volume. In "The Lengthened Shadow of a Man" the author describes the contribution José Batlle y Ordóñez made to the transition from dictatorship to democracy, from conservatism to liberalism, involving a struggle for social legislation so fundamental as to justify the author in saying that Batlle is now "a legend, almost a cult" and still "a candidate in every election." In 1951 a constitutional amendment was adopted providing for a "collegiate executive," which is perhaps the most sig-

nificant feature of Uruguayan politics. Replacing the President is a National Council of Government consisting of nine members, six of whom belong to the major wing of the strongest party and three to the leading faction of the minority party. Whether the distribution of executive power will put an end to executive domination and whether the increase in social legislation will end up making the individual wholly dependent upon his government are questions to be answered by experience. Uruguay seems to be democratic enough to check any excesses of its own democracy.

One of the last chapters, "The Pincers—Argentina and Brazil," describes the trials of a small state located between two powerful neighbors; and it goes on to comment upon the progressive and enlightened role Uruguay has played in international relations. Then, lest his personal admiration of the country should seem to call for further justification, the author closes with a valuable annotated bibliography, which libraries might well check against their existing entries.—Charles G. Fenwick

URUGUAY: PORTRAIT OF A DEMOCRACY, by Russell H. Fitzgibbon. New Brunswick, New Jersey, Rutgers University Press, 1954. 301 p. Illus. \$5.75

BOOK NOTES

THE SUDDEN VIEW, by Sybille Bedford. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1953. 288 p. \$3.75

THE BIG TREE OF MEXICO, by John Skeaping, with photographs and drawings by the author. Bloomington, Indiana University Press, 1953. 234 p. \$3.75

In a hilarious parody by James Thurber, an English literary critic who has spent a few days in the United States undertakes to explain New York intellectual life to the readers of a London review. He has read very

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ALSO . . .

a new short story, "The Bullfight in Chicago," by Héctor Velarde of Peru.



Illustration by John Skeaping from *The Big Tree of Mexico*

little U.S. literature and has carefully avoided checking any of his facts because, he announces proudly, he prefers to rely on the acuteness of his insight, which would only be blurred by contact with reference material. As a result of this unerring intuition, he is in a position to reveal, for example, that the most important contemporary U.S. writer is one Billy Rose. Unfortunately, when Sybille Bedford, an Englishwoman with claims to intellectualism and adventurousness, wrote up her Mexican journey in *The Sudden View*, she was not thinking in terms of parody. Not only is she bolstered by her glorious ignorance; she is also one of those travelers who always manage to arrive when the "natives" are at their most "native," the railway tracks under water, and the hotel unprepared for guests. Her deductions from all this are set down with suave British indirection, but they add up to a very clear image of the country she saw—one that other visitors may fail to recognize as Mexico. In spite of herself, the lady gives evidence of genuine perception; what vitiates her book is an advanced case of the amateur's contempt for anything (say, knowledge) that might smack of professionalism. John Skeaping, a compatriot of hers, has gone about it better. He is an artist, and he had two aims in mind when he went to live in Oaxaca: to learn the Indian's pottery techniques and to share as far as he could their way of life, the first of which depended largely on how successful he was with the second. As it turned out, he was given the secret of making the beautiful black Coyotepec ware and, after a great deal of effort, insinuated himself so far into Indian culture that he later found it almost equally difficult to readapt himself to the modern world. Some of his conclusions may certainly be debated—naturally enough, considering the unusual angle from which he views both civilizations. But his experiences are consistently interest-

ing, his Zapotec friends are drawn vividly and sympathetically, his own sense of growing involvement in their affairs is well communicated, and he himself appears extremely likable.

BALBOA OF DARIÉN: DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC, by Kathleen Romoli. New York, Doubleday and Company, 1953. 431 p. \$5.00

Most people know enough about Vasco Núñez de Balboa to be able to correct Keats' famous error—and that's about all. Yet the story of the first mainland colony in America, Darién, is inextricably intertwined with that of Balboa: "Without Balboa, Darién might never have existed for history. He was with the armada which discovered it; nine years later he was among the *compañeros* who conquered it. It was occupied at his suggestion, he commanded it during the early years, and from it he went out to the explorations which culminated at the Pacific. . . . When he was destroyed, Darién did not survive him." Historians, too, find many blank places in his life, but this fascinating book tells as much as possible. Besides what was previously known, Mrs. Romoli has managed to piece together a great deal from obscure original sources (which have also enabled her to correct a number of errors) and through the exercise of apparently unimpeachable logic. Hardly anything is recorded of Balboa's youth in Spain, beyond the fact that he was born of an impoverished but patrician family in Estremadura, probably in the 1470's, and decided, like many other penniless *hidalgos* of that adventurous age, to make his fortune in the Indies. Certainly his career was undistinguished literally up to the time he landed on the isthmus with Enciso's colonizing party, for when the trip began he was ignominiously stowed away in a flour barrel escaping from his creditors in Santo Domingo. Once in Darién, however, his native ability made him a leader, and he rose to *adelantado* and governor.



Kathleen Romoli, author of new biography of Balboa

Then came his downfall, brought about largely by jealousy and the enmity of his father-in-law, the conquistador known as Pedrarias, and his execution on the trumped-up charges commonly employed in the colonies for disposing of one's rivals. The story is a gaudy one, but the author makes no apologies: those were gaudy times. Mrs. Romoli is extremely, almost defensively, pro-Balboa, feeling that his only serious defect was the inability to realize some people hated him and to take the proper measures. That proved fatal.



EMBASSY ROW

Ambassador Alberto Sepúlveda, the new Chilean representative on the OAS Council, came to Washington only two months ago from his post as Administrative Director General of the Foreign Ministry in Santiago. After receiving his law degree in 1924, he was sent to Vienna as Third Secretary of the Embassy there. The following year he was transferred to Switzerland. In 1929 he returned to this Hemisphere as Second Secretary in Mexico; he has also served in the same capacity in Bolivia, as First Secretary in Ecuador, as Chargé d'Affaires in Colombia, and as Minister Counselor in Argentina. After two years as Director of the Consular Department of the Ministry, he became Minister Counselor at the Embassy in Peru in 1948 and in Mexico the next year. He was a delegate to the seventh session of the UN General Assembly in 1952.

Two of the Ambassador's three children—Ximena (left), fifteen, and Inés (right), twenty—are with him and Mrs. Sepúlveda in Washington. His sixteen-year-old son Alberto has remained at his school in Chile. Mrs. Sepúlveda, the former Teresa Caraves, has a twenty-two-year-old daughter by a previous marriage who was married in January and now lives in Santiago.



The girls try out the kitchen of their new apartment in the Shoreham Hotel. Inés is engaged to Pedro Fontaine Avalos of Santiago, who works in his family's shipping company and will come to Washington next March for the wedding.

From the terrace of their apartment the Sepúlvedas have a splendid view of beautiful Rock Creek Park.



TREASURE ISLAND

(Continued from page 8)

that some capable person can come along and set things right. Well, these 'gentlemen of fortune'—"

His insistent references to piracy made me stare at him steadily. Then he said slowly: "It's best to forget this for now. You know, of course, the story in *Treasure Island* about the arrival here of the sleek, trim adventure ship *Hispaniola*. The mutiny, the bloodshed and violence, and then the appearance of Ben Gunn—poor Ben Gunn, who had been marooned on the island and hadn't 'spoke with a Christian these three years.' He was rich, enormously rich—and he yearned for a little piece of cheese! Don't you see the resemblance between that and what's happening today?"

"It's a symbol," I suppose I should have answered, "and a good one. And the seven hundred thousand pounds' worth of gold, which was spent 'wisely or foolishly, according to our natures,' as Jim, the young cabin-boy, says. Captain Flint, the parrot, with his perpetual 'Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!' Everything is Ben Gunn here."

"Ah, and don't forget another possibility," said my friend. "The Lanier swampland."

"Really? What can be done there?"

"Well, I've seen with my own eyes what can be done. And I've talked over a plan with people who aren't just clods—not for growing rice or potatoes, they're there already, but for intensive livestock raising. If a canal were built, the productivity of the soil would be improved, and we would have good pasture. The marsh is big, with no ticks or brucellosis. We could export fine refrigerated meats by air. No dream, but really possible."

"And kaolin, to make porcelain?"

"Ah, you're an artist! Look at this pottery made with our kaolin. But what do you want me to say? Today they praise it highly, and tomorrow who remembers our kaolin? The cry now is uranium! Uranium!"

This is certainly true; it's the only thing they think about.

A recent report, looking toward economic and social recovery for the island, notes that the thing to do is to establish a truck-ferry line on a concession basis, with a franchise granted for a specific number of years. But the mouth of the Las Casas River, up which ships pass to the Nueva Gerona docks, is dangerously shallow and thus takes a long time to cross. Also, to cut out detours, a channel must be dug through Manteca key, which stands in the way of ships from Batabanó. (For during the Pleistocene Age the present sea floor was above water, as the shallows prove. Sponge fishing is an important industry in the area now. If the sea level were to drop about sixty feet, says a geologist, Cuba and the Isle of Pines would be united again.) It will be remembered that a plan for dredging a channel through the Canarreos keys was approved in 1935 by the Ministry of Public Works. This present report says bluntly: "The most pressing work to be done before the transport problem of the Isle of Pines can be solved is the provision of deeper channels along the maritime route followed by ships cross-



Sorting sponges for size and quality on Nueva Gerona wharf. Sponge fishing in Gulf of Batabanó is important island industry



Grapefruit, a major export, are shipped to United States during off season there



Quarrying marble. The only stone on the island, it comes in many colors. Chips are used for paving roads



Local bonito (a variety of tuna), canned at Nueva Gerona packing plant, is consumed in Cuba and abroad

ing between Nueva Gerona and Batabanó."

Near Santa Fe is Playa Larga, a beach more than six miles long and with an average width of fifty yards, overlooking a marsh covered with mangrove and myrobalan trees. There has been talk of establishing a series of tourist hotels there, for the beach is exceptionally beautiful and the climate pleasant and stimulating. But first a road must be built from Santa Fe and certain areas must be drained. Plans are being made for this, and there's a good chance that they will be carried out.

These are the plans for the Isle of Pines, and the people clamor for their execution, dreaming of treasure, like Ben Gunn.

The women of the island are noted for their beauty. In fact, they are among the most beautiful *criollas* I have ever seen. A mixture of blood on the island has produced some extraordinary blondes who speak a little English in an extremely charming way. In times past, many workmen and store clerks became accustomed to this language; today it is simply a reminder of the U. S. colonists, nothing more.

The islanders are famous for living to ripe old ages. Could it be the water? The climate? Their good humor? For they are gay indeed, and their reputation for determination and shrewdness is well deserved.

Cuban folklore has been enriched by one of their dances: the *sucu-sucu*, an odd step sometimes accompanied by a roguish verse. On one of his trips to the island, the composer Eliseo Grenet brought back this one, which was sung to death in all the Cuban artistic and social circles:

*Ya los majases
no tienen cuetas;
Felipe Blanco
se las tapó...
se las tapó,
se las tapó,
que lo digo yo...*

Now the *majases* [a kind of snake]
Don't have caves;
Felipe Blanco
Stopped them up...
Stopped them up,
Stopped them up,
So I say....

The sayings, verses, and dances of the old country folk find their way to Havana and cheer up gloomy hearts with their exotic accent. But essentially theirs is a sad cry, a melancholy musing on their unhappy fate. Fortunately, the day of redemption seems to be drawing near. Everything inspires that hope; everything indicates that the island is to be rescued from its orphanhood. The island, which is Cuba also. ♦ ♦ ♦

EXPERIMENT IN NEW MEXICO

(Continued from page 5)

well-known Senator Dennis Chavez. (The lieutenant governor and the senator are not related.)

To date, there have been no Indians in elective offices. The Pueblo tribes had the vote under Spain and Mexico, but lost it after the United States took over. It was not until 1948 that all Indians of New Mexico received the right to vote, and so far none has appeared as a candidate for election, although a number of them hold minor appointive offices.

The process of blending and exchanging has continued, and the average Anglo of today is as proud of the Spanish and Indian background of his state as are the

descendants of those older settlers. Architecture has always been a sensitive indicator of the way of life and outlook of a people; the present trend in New Mexico architecture is significant. Increasingly the Anglo-Americans are adopting, with certain modifications, the handsome, comfortable, Spanish-derived style so suitable to the climate and landscape. Both the Indians and the Spanish Americans are making similar modifications, adding such North American conveniences as electricity and plumbing. The selection is what we should expect: the esthetic values and basic qualities of a suitable, emotionally comfortable house come from the Spanish and, to a lesser extent,

Right: A well-known New Mexican Hispano is Democrat Dennis Chavez of the U.S. Senate



Left: Glenn L. Emmons of Gallup, U.S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is New Mexican "Anglo"

from the Indians, while the conveniences are from the mechanical-minded newcomers.

With the blending goes an equally continuous process of intermarriage, most rapid among the Anglos and Hispanos. The children of such marriages often have fairly free choice as to which of the parent groups shall be theirs. More than one white man, of whichever group, has settled among the Indians, married, and become the ancestor of generations whose mother tongue is Tewa or Keres. We find Spanish Americans with such names as Dunaway and Le Beau, and Armijos and Oteros who, however proud of their Spanish lineage, are classified as Anglos. In northern New Mexico, a powerful family is McGill y Gonzales, and two social leaders in the central section have the surnames of Ortiz y Kleven and Otero-Warren.

What is going on in New Mexico is an experiment, similar to what we find in many republics to the south: the adjustment to each other of people who hold strongly to several different cultures, who also vary racially, with an ultimate goal of social, economic, and political equality. In some of the United States, where comparable situations exist, the experiment has been set aside in favor of the device of subordinating other groups to the dominant Anglos. In view of the nature of U. S. democracy, it is inevitable that the subordinate groups will not remain in that position, and in the end the experiment will have to be undertaken. The recent Supreme Court decision

against segregation of Negroes in public schools dramatically illustrates this point.

The numerical preponderance of Spanish Americans at the start, their political advancement, their vigor, and their refusal to be subordinate, prevented New Mexico from falling into this error. Despite unfortunate local exceptions—the prejudice against darker peoples of the Texas-derived population along the eastern edge of the state and the suspicion and hostility toward Anglos in some of the rural, purely Hispano communities—the general trend in the state has been toward equality and good neighborliness without insistence on uniformity.

Not everyone is conscious that any process is going on, any experiment being made. The majority simply follows an established pattern, into which newcomers from the rest of the United States, from Europe, or from Mexico soon fit themselves. Spaniards, natives of Spain itself, curiously enough, are sometimes the most reluctant to accept it, slowest to shed a prejudice against a *mestizo* people. The experiment is most clearly recognized by the educators; from the state elementary schools through the state university there is a keen awareness of the problems and advantages of intercultural education.

This year, for the first time, the state of New Mexico began receiving large numbers of Navajo children in its elementary schools. Previously, Navajos had gone either to federal Indian schools or to none at all. This means that children from non-Christian families that often speak no language but Navajo and still live according to an ancient, primitive pattern, must be integrated into classes



Indians retain their rituals. Shield dancers, under leadership of Adam Trujillo (right), perform for tourists in northern New Mexico

along with Anglos and Hispanos. Other states had undertaken similar services for Indian tribes within their borders. But New Mexico, because of its heritage, was the first to demand a careful study, guided by anthropologists, sociologists, and psychologists, as well as educators, in order to develop methods that would make this new blending successful for all concerned. A committee of specialists of national reputation was formed, and a form of action research established that promises fine results. This procedure was a direct result of the educators' previous intercultural experiences with Anglos and Hispanos, influenced by their awareness of related work in Mexico.

The process of integration of the general population has been greatly aided by the comradeship of brothers in arms, Anglos and Hispanos, and more recently the Indians, fought side by side—in the Civil War, the various wars against the wild tribes, the war with Spain, the First and Second World Wars, and in Korea. They have all done equally well and received promotions equally. To date, no Spanish American from New Mexico has become a general, but I can name half a dozen who are colonels and lieutenant colonels. Several Indians, despite handicaps of education, have reached the grade of captain. (Although New Mexico is an inland state, in which bodies of water large enough to float a rowboat are a rarity, many New Mexicans of all groups choose to serve in the Navy—perhaps because of the contrast!) Common experience and achievement engender mutual respect. There are no more equably intercultural and interracial associations to be found than the veterans' organizations in New Mexico.

Human beings are fallible. Seldom do they achieve perfection in any undertaking. It would be unusual indeed to find a grouping of peoples such as exists in New Mexico in which everything is sweetness and light, nor is everything so here. Nonetheless, even though most of them are not aware of it and some resist it, the inhabitants of this state are demonstrating an important thesis: that diversity and proud adherence to a number of different traditions do not inhibit equality or simple friendship. ♦ ♦ ♦



Architecture reflects way of life and outlook of a people: state capitol building in Santa Fe

ARGENTINE MOVIES

(Continued from page 23)

The establishment in 1942 of Associated Argentine Artists was a major event, for this new producing company represented a fresh approach by the principal actors of the day: high-budget pictures of superlative quality using all available capital—something unheard of before. The leaders included the actors Enrique Muño, Francisco Petrone, and Angel Magaña. Lucas Demare was hired as chief director, and after one only tolerable film, he made *La Guerra Gaucha*, which some critics consider the best Argentine picture. This was a version of the book of the same name by Leopoldo Lugones on a theme drawn from the interior, one that lies deep in the Argentine soul. One reviewer called it "a joyful song sung by a virile people proud of itself and of serving the purest ideals of man: God, the fatherland, the home, love." But it is interesting to note the opinion of the Italian script-writer Sergio Amidei (*Paisan, The Bicycle Thief, Paris Is Always Paris*), who saw it this year at the International Film Festival at Mar del Plata. He complained because "it left out the Argentine landscape."

Among the brilliant pictures, we must mention *La Dama Duende* (1945), the best thing Luis Saslavsky filmed in this country, which transferred to the screen with lively rhythm and exact shading all the grace of the Calderón play on which it was based. Delia Garcés' acting was magnificent. But while this adaptation deserved the highest honors, it blazed a dangerous trail, as became evident the following year. Despite the success of pictures on genuinely Argentine subjects, adaptations of foreign works were now preferred. There were so many pictures of foreign extraction that the Association of Movie Critics found itself in a jam at the banquet at which its 1949 prizes were to be awarded. Without previous announcement the Mexican actor Jorge Negrete offered a special prize in recognition of the courtesies extended to him in Argentina, where he was filming a picture—a fine watch, to go to the director of the most clearly Argentine film. An emergency meeting was hurriedly called in the cloak-room, and the award was voted to Hugo Fregonese's *Donde Mueren las Palabras*, which dealt with the efforts of a music teacher to refurbish his own laurels by assuring fame to his pupil. The most important thing in the picture was a ballet, very well filmed, which opened the doors of Hollywood to Fregonese. The Austrian ballerina Margarita Wallman provided the choreography, to music from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The journalists were criticized for making this choice, but the reason was the total lack of pictures on local themes good enough to be considered.

In 1947 two new producers entered the field, Inter-americana and Emelco. While they went into bankruptcy this year, it was thought in those days that their contribution would improve the quality of our films. Inter-americana started off with a well-made detective film that marked a real revival of this form. Emelco, after a failure directed by a Chilean journalist who was unable to give dramatic tension to a theme trite in itself, made *Pelota de Trapo* the following year. This was an excursion

into the semi-documentary field, describing the life of a boy who becomes a soccer star. It took advantage of the subject to show a series of scenes taken on the playing fields and in the street, and the director, Leopoldo Torres Ríos, demonstrated an agile hand in dealing artistically with a subject drawn from the people.

From then on down to 1954, the only really noteworthy film has been *El Crimen de Oribe*, an excellent adaptation by Arturo Cerretani of a short story by Adolfo Bioy Casares, directed by Leopoldo Torres Ríos and Leopoldo Torre Nilsson. Besides boasting a fine performance by Carlos Thompson, it conveyed with feeling the poetic-fantastic theme.

The reader will notice that productions of the last few years occupy much less space in this account than those of earlier days. This is because our movie industry has not recently yielded as much as we might have hoped. After a silent era with only a few memorable pictures, the talking period began with the producers' eyes fixed on box-office returns regardless of artistic merit. Only occasionally did good writers help to set the incipient art on the right track, but it should be said in their defense that they were not invited to collaborate. Nevertheless, after a few disoriented years, eyes were turned to Argentine life, and pictures that could stand comparison with quality films from other countries were shown. In this period, our movies did a great deal for our culture. It is difficult to define what is Argentine, for Argentina, like the other American countries, is young, and an indigenous culture is the work of centuries. In our case, the addition of races from all latitudes has made the country one of the most cosmopolitan in the world. Nevertheless,



Laura Hidalgo and Francisco Martínez Allende in *María Magdalena*, under the direction of Carlos Hugo Christensen



Pepe Arias (center), in scene from *Fantasma en Buenos Aires*, was film comic par excellence



Olga Zubarry, former child star, displayed exceptional talent as dramatic actress in *El Vampiro Negro* in 1953



Zully Moreno and Alberto de Mendoza in scene from *La Calle del Pecado*, shown at Mar del Plata International Film Festival

there is a national being that transcends the purely folkloric and into which the movies began to peek in their golden age—which, paradoxically, coincided with the experimental period. It may be that we need a renaissance which, returning to the best cinema tradition, would make room in the ranks of writers and directors for people with a more imaginative outlook.

With a population of 3,361,000, Buenos Aires has 243 movie theaters. Outside the capital there are another 2,117 theaters showing pictures daily. There are forty-three producing companies, but only a few maintain regular production schedules—Argentina Sono Film, Associated Argentine Artists, and three or four more. Sono Film has its own studios with five stages capable of handling two pictures at once and occupying 320,000 square feet. It has produced 149 pictures since it was established in 1933. Associated Argentine Artists has made thirty-five pictures since 1942 and uses the Baires studios, which has two stages, each equipped to make one picture at a time. Altogether, there are twelve studios, three of which are inactive. In 1952 thirty-five Argentine films were released, and in 1953 thirty-nine, many of them produced by independent groups who rent studios and try their luck. There is a protective law requiring 50 per cent of the films shown in any theater to be Argentine. Moreover, the Industrial Credit Bank grants loans covering up to 70 per cent of the cost of certain pictures, but this liberal financing has not been used to the fullest extent. The box-office take in Buenos Aires in 1953 came to 64,849,-

200 pesos (about \$2,819,530, at the unofficial free rate), averaging 1,024,600 a week. As for public taste, we can point out that the seven pictures that topped the million-peso mark in four Buenos Aires showings in 1953 were *La Casa Grande* (Argentine), *Detective Story* (U.S.), *Don Camillo* (Italian), *An American in Paris* (U.S.), *The Great Caruso* (U.S.), *La Mujer de las Camelias* (Argentine), and *The Bicycle Thief* (Italian). The maximum price for the best seats—not counting taxes—is 3.70 pesos, which is reduced to 2.95 on three working days.

The principal movie-producing nations of the world were represented at the International Film Festival held at the beach resort of Mar del Plata in March of this year. From the United States there were Mary Pickford, Frank Borzage, Robert Cummings, Walter Pidgeon, and various others; from Canada, the famous Norman McLaren; from France, Michel Simon and Vivianne Romance; from England, producers Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger and actor Trevor Howard; from Italy, Isa Miranda and Sergio Amidei; and so on. It would have been a great pleasure if we could have shown such an eminent audience two or three really top local pictures. But this ambition was frustrated, for the chief Argentine production shown at the festival, *El Grito Sagrado*, directed by Luis César Amadori, did not manage, despite its noble intentions, to convey the patriotic fervor of its theme, inspired by our national anthem.

Argentina's star actresses are famous throughout America for their beauty, and some (such as Zully Moreno, Mirta Legrand, Laura Hidalgo) have been sought out by producers from Mexico, Spain, and other countries. There are also excellent supporting players. In my personal opinion, the best Argentine actress is Olga Zubarry. With all their ups and downs, the directors deserve a cordial salute. Klimovsky's restlessness, Soffici's demonstrated skill, Demare's good judgment, and Torre Nilsson's aspirations bespeak able men of achievement. And the technicians are really exceptional in their fields. Photographers like Pablo Tabernero and Gumer Barreiro are capable enough to win Hollywood contracts, and in the second rank there are Alberto Etchebehere, Aníbal González Paz, Francisco Boenninger, and Antonio Merayo. The world knows few scene designers of the quality of Saulo Benavente; in the same department we should mention Germen Gelpi, Gori Muñoz, Mario Vanarelli, and Carlos Dowling. Finally, we must point out that the visitors to the Mar del Plata Festival were fascinated by the Alex Laboratories, whose technical equipment is matched only in the United States.

The U.S. public is familiar with two English-language films that were shot in Argentina. *Native Son*, directed by Pierre Chenal, was Richard Wright's adaptation of his own novel; he also produced it and acted in it, supported by Jean Wallace. The other, *The Way of a Gaucho*, starred Gene Tierney and Rory Calhoun.

What we need most is producers who are conscious of their professional opportunities and responsibilities. At present, several studios are shut down, with excellent equipment growing old. True, the shortage of film and various financial difficulties have impeded operations,



Pampa Bárbara, by Lucas Demare and Hugo Fregonese, with Francisco Petrone (shown here), was authentically Argentine

but the basic trouble is the inertia and inability of managers who have forgotten that audiences in all latitudes respond when shown good pictures. Paradoxically, those who try to pander to audience bad taste are tremendously surprised to learn from the meager returns that people are much more demanding than they thought.

There is no doubt that the Argentine public likes the movies. In 1951, 252 films were exhibited, and last year there were 241 (129 U.S., thirty-nine Argentine, twenty-three Spanish, twenty-one Italian, seven English, five French, five Russian, four French-Italian, three German, three Swedish, one Israeli, and one Mexican). In a popularity contest conducted by the journalist Chas de Cruz over his radio program *Diario del Cine* and completed last April, the favorite Argentine stars proved to be Zully Moreno, Mirta Legrand, Luis Sandrini, Tita Merello, Laura Hidalgo, and Hugo del Carril. Among the foreigners, top honors went to Rita Hayworth, Gregory Peck, Gary Cooper, Kirk Douglas, Tyrone Power, and Vittorio de Sica.

Finally, we can report that the First Argentine Congress of Motion Picture Exhibitors met this May in Buenos Aires to discuss their problems and that Cinemascope and 3-D have had tremendous success. *The Robe* earned 1,497,010 pesos in twenty days, while *House of Wax* earned 919,509 in twenty-one days, which gives a 33 per cent advantage to the broad screen over the third dimension, in one day less of showing time. There is no talk yet of 3-D or panoramic production in Argentina, but that doesn't mean that it's not being considered. Let us hope that, whether in three dimensions or two, we Argentines will regain the prestige we won with *Tres Hombres del Río*, *Prisioneros de la Tierra*, and *Viento Norte*. ♦ ♦ ♦

Narciso Ibáñez Menta, Argentine actor of unusual versatility, in scene from *Almafuerte*, by Luis César Amadori



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

HELP WANTED

Dear Sirs:

We are interested in contacting people living in Central America who could help us produce an authentic motion picture travelogue. What we have in mind is an educational film in color covering the landscape, wild life, and the people at work and at play. It will be exhibited as a lecture-travelogue throughout the United States, can also be used on television as an educational film in schools, and perhaps be distributed through film libraries such as the one we have here. We want to enlist the help of anyone who can advise us on how to make the film interesting, unusual, educational, and at the same time realistic.

H. M. Reish, President
Reish Motion Picture Co., Inc.
1314 Mishawaka Ave.
South Bend, Indiana

MORE THEATER

Dear Sirs:

I like everything about AMÉRICAS—its presentation, its articles, its interesting and instructive photographs, and the format. But I would like to see more published in its pages on dramas and comedies. I am a fairly new subscriber, but in the numbers at hand I find nothing on the theater.

H.H.F.B.
Tacna, Peru

In the book section of the July issue, Reader H.H.F.B. will find a round-up of current plays in the United States by a Chilean, Santiago del Campo, and in the preceding issue he will find an article on a successful Mexican experiment in theater, "Cervantes in Guanajuato." So AMÉRICAS continues its frequent coverage of stage activities throughout the Hemisphere, a policy that was born with the magazine.

PONY?

Dear Sirs:

Are the English, Spanish, and Portuguese editions of AMÉRICAS direct translations of each other? I'd like to use the English edition as a "pony" in reading the Spanish edition, to help acquire a reading ability in Spanish.

Morgan Harris
Los Angeles 5, Calif.

AMÉRICAS' articles are not always word-for-word translations, since occasionally parenthetical phrases or even paragraphs must be added to clarify a point for readers who are foreign to the author. Also, the various departments ("Books," "Points of View," and so on) are tailored to fit the three audiences. Nevertheless, AMÉRICAS is used by many students as a language tool, for they can check their comprehension of another language by reading more than one edition, without being subjected to the temptation to use the magazine as a dictionary.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMÉRICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name.

Harvey Rubin (E, S)
Rubin Barrel and Drum Co.
1451 Spring Garden Avenue
Pittsburgh 12, Pennsylvania

José Jean Rubio Smith Alencar
(F, S, E, P)
Rua Monsenhor Salazar 59
Fortaleza, Ceará, Brazil

S. Silva Tierra (E, S)
Chipaco, Prov. Huamaliés,
(Huánuco) Peru

Gay-story Hamilton (E, S, F)
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Ricardo Clemente Jaime (S, E)
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María Teresa Borrini (E, S, F)
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Buenos Aires, Argentina

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' SPORTS?

Answers on page 35



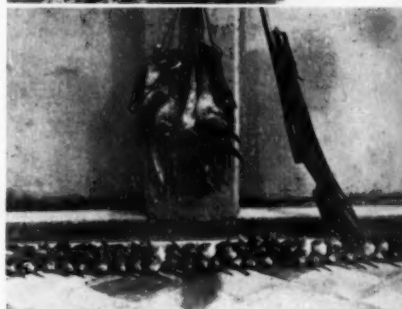
1. International road racing is popular throughout Latin America. Will any of these cars tuning up for the *Gran Premio de las Américas* (Buenos Aires to Caracas) race later in the United States at Indianapolis?

2. In all but one of the following countries excellent skiing may be found: Chile, Argentina, Cuba, Bolivia. Do you know which one?



3. Two examples of bullfight equipment are seen in Bogotá ring: the *muleta* and the *banderilla*. One is an annoying barb; the other is a cape masking the matador's sword at the time of kill. Which is which?

4. There is good shooting in Costa Rica. Is this a bag of duck and snipe, pheasant and grouse, or pigeon and wild turkey?



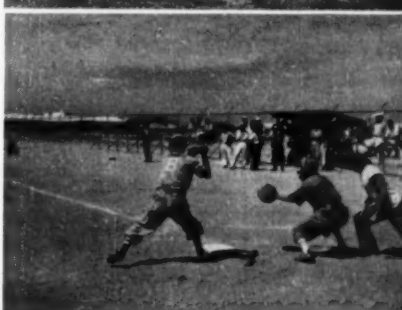
5. Sportsmen relax after day's catch of sailfish in waters off country known as "The World's Crossroads" and whose real name means "abundance of fish." What is it?

6. Paraguayan gauchos tilt at small ring in game that is popular national pastime. Is it a *gymkhana*, *sortija*, *corrida de toros*, or *canasta*?



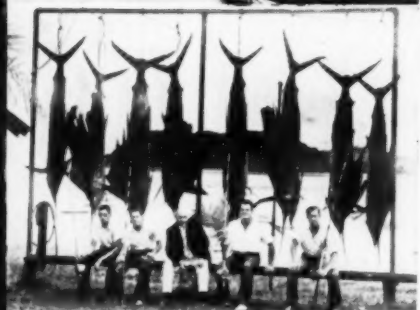
7., a game closely allied to the English rugby from which U.S. football is derived, is played throughout Latin America. Fill in the blank.

8. Baseball is a craze in many parts of the Hemisphere. Venezuela and Cuba, especially, supply players to U.S. teams. Would you say that Mexico has about 50, 1,500, 3,000 or 475 organized teams?



9. Called *pelota* in Europe, where it is the Basque national sport, this game is known by another name in America. What is it?

10. Swimmers dot beaches up and down the Hemisphere's coasts in summer. Here are two at Punta del Este, one of the finest resorts for swimmers. Where is it?



CONTRIBUTORS



"Experiment in New Mexico" is by the well-known writer and anthropologist OLIVER LA FARGE, who has lived in Santa Fe, the state capital, since 1941 and elsewhere in the Southwest before then. Born in New York City in 1901, he was educated at Groton and studied anthropology and ethnography at Harvard. He participated in expeditions to Mexico and Guatemala and won renown as an authority on Indians. After his first novel, *Laughing Boy*, was published in 1929, Mr. La Farge concentrated on writing as his chief occupation, while keeping up an interest in anthropology as a sideline. He has taught creative writing at Columbia and at the universities of Utah and Colorado, and has either done research or taught anthropology at Columbia, Harvard, Tulane, and the universities of Pennsylvania and Utah. A lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Air Force during World War II, he is married to the former Consuelo Otille Baca y Pendaries, daughter of a former lieutenant governor of New Mexico and descendant of the Alhaja Cabeza de Vaca family, whose name was adopted by the famous sixteenth-century explorer Alvar Núñez when he married into it.

RUFUS TERRAL, author of "They Call It Jazz," has been interested in this form of music as far back as he can remember. "My favorite way of listening to it," he says, "is to drag a portable phonograph and a chaise longue out into the back yard on a sunny afternoon and hark to a small combo of, for instance, piano, trumpet, drum, gin and tonic." An editorial writer for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, he is a native of Mississippi. He is the author of *The Missouri Valley: Land of Drouth, Flood, and Promise*, published by the Yale University Press in 1947, and at present is writing *Mississippi Tadpole*, an account of his boyhood, which Alfred A. Knopf will offer next winter.



As critic for the Buenos Aires magazine *Crítico* and correspondent for *Cinema* of Rome and the *Revue Internationale du Cinema* of Brussels, JAIME POTENZE is well qualified to write about "Argentine Movies." Born in Buenos Aires thirty-six years ago, he is a lawyer who blends theatrical and movie criticism with his profession. During the International Film Festivals of Punta del Este in 1951 and 1952 and Venice in 1953, he was a judge for the International Catholic Film Office.

Mr. Potenze is also the Argentine contributor to the *Enciclopedia dello Spettacolo*, which is published in Rome under the direction of Silvio D'Amico, president of the Italian Academy of Dramatic Art, and the author of a book about the First International Film

Festival at Punta del Este. In 1951 a Spanish publishing house brought out his *Breve Historia Crítica del Teatro Argentino*, the first part of a larger work on which he is now engaged.



JOSÉ ANTONIO PORTUONDO, professor of esthetics and literary theory at the University of Oriente in Santiago, Cuba, and a detective-story fan of long standing, discusses "Whodunits in Spanish." Dr. Portuondo was born in Santiago and won his doctorate in philosophy and letters from the University of Havana. A specialist in Western Hemisphere novels, he has taught at Columbia and at the universities of New Mexico, Wisconsin, and California. In 1953, the PAU published his essay *José Martí*, a book of his critical essays is now on the press in Mexico. It will include his AMÉRICAS articles on Faulkner, Hemingway, and Western Hemisphere fiction since World War I; a number of essays published elsewhere; and some as yet unpublished.



In Mexico City these days there is almost as much English as Spanish spoken around the bull ring, because of the growing U.S. interest in the sport. We therefore asked N. PELHAM WRIGHT to fill us in with a report on "Breeding the Bulls" at a hacienda. Born in England, Mr. Wright has spent most of his time abroad. He was educated on the Continent, served on the General Staff of the British Army during the war, and later came to know Mexico well when he was military attaché there. Widely traveled, he is well acquainted with most of the Latin American countries. Animal breeding—especially German Shepherd dogs—is one of his many interests.

ENRIQUE LABRADOR RUIZ of Cuba takes us on a visit to "Treasure Island," the relatively little-known Isle of Pines off his country's southern coast. A journalist for more than thirty years, Mr. Labrador Ruiz has published many books—novels, essays, short stories, and poetry. He has also won the Juan Gualberto Gómez Prize for reporting and the Hernández Catá Prize for short stories. A fan of fantastic tales, which he sometimes writes himself, he collects rare books, modern Cuban paintings, and snail shells.

In the book section, ARMANDO SAMPER, chief of the Scientific Communications Service at the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in Turrialba, Costa Rica, reviews *La Economía Agraria de América Latina y el Trabajador Campesino*, by Moisés Poblete Troncoso. Dr. CHARLES G. FENWICK, Director of the PAU Department of International Law and Organization, discusses Russell H. Fitzgibbon's *Uruguay: Portrait of a Democracy*.

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